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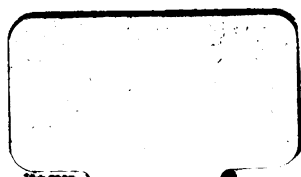
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POEMS,

LYRICAL

AND

MISCELLANEOUS,

BY THE LATE

REV. HENRY MOORE,

OF LISKEARD.

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PRINTED FOR J. JOHNSON, NO. 72, ST. PAULS
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PREFACE

BY THE EDITOR.



OF the Author of the subsequent Poems, whose lot it was, with genius, learning, and morals, to pass a life of almost total obscurity, few biographical memorials could be expected. Such as have been obtained, together with some account of the circumstances attending the present publication, will, doubtless, be acceptable to the reader.

HENRY MOORE was born on March 30, 1732, at Plymouth, where his father, a man of extensive

learning and merit, was minister to a congregation of Dissenters. His mother was the daughter of William Bellew, Esq. of Stockleigh-court in the same county. He received his grammar-education under Mr. Bedford, afterwards vicar of Charles-parish, in Plymouth. The conversation and instruction of his father could not fail to contribute farther to his early improvement. In the year 1749 he was entered at the academy of Dr. Doddridge at Northampton; and he was a member of it at the time of that eminent tutor's decease. On this occasion, Mr. Moore paid a tribute of respect and veneration in a poem to his memory, to the publication of which he gave his consent, but not to the many alterations which were made without his knowledge, and with which he was much displeased. The poem was dedicated to Mrs. Doddridge, and was justly admired as a

production of elegant fancy and warm affection. He finished his academical course under Dr. Ashworth ; and in 1755 or 1756, was elected minister to a dissenting congregation at Dulverton in Somersetshire. In 1757 he removed to a similar situation at Modbury, in Devonshire ; where he continued till his final removal to Liskeard in Cornwall, which took place about the year 1787. In these long periods of life he appears to have been almost totally lost from the notice of the world ; recollected, perhaps, by some of his fellow-students as a youth of promise ; known by a few brother-ministers as a man of learning and critical talents ; but probably scarcely recognised by two or three individuals for their splendid and cultivated genius, capable of shining in the highest ranks of literature, had fortune produced him upon a theatre suited to his powers.

How he appeared in the latter portion of this narrow course, to an intimate friend who was able properly to estimate him, will best be shewn in that friend's own words. " He was probably led to adopt " his retired and obscure mode of life, partly " from the weakness of his constitution, the original " infirmity of which was distressingly increased by " his studious and sedentary habits; partly from the " singular modesty and diffidence of his disposition. " Notwithstanding, however, he thus voluntarily " withdrew from general society, when in company " with any one with whom he felt himself at ease, " his conversation was most agreeable and entertaining, enlivened with sprightly sallies and seasonable anecdotes. Although there was so little in his situation that seemed calculated to produce contentment and thankfulness, and although he had long

“ suffered under painful and complicated bodily
 “ complaints, yet he was perfectly free from any
 “ disposition to repine. I never heard him utter a
 “ querulous expression. The composure and resig-
 “ nation of his mind seemed always undisturbed.
 “ His manners were singularly mild and gentle. He
 “ appeared utterly unconscious of possessing any
 “ extraordinary powers : indeed, his behaviour in-
 “ dicated a greater degree of humility and distrust
 “ than I almost ever witnessed.” I shall add, that
 both the trials he underwent, and the sources of his
 consolation, are strongly marked in his poems ; in
 perusing which, we cannot but feel, that though he
 suffered much, he was *nobly supported*.

He so far overcame his diffidence, as to become
 a considerable contributor to the two volumes of
 “ Commentaries and Essays,” published by the So-

ciety for promoting the Knowledge of the Scriptures. In these, the different papers entitled, " Critical " Notes on many passages of the Old Testament ; " some Observations on the Song of Moses ; on the " Greek Version of Deut. xxxii. 43 ; and on the " two first chapters of St. Matthew, and the first " chapter of the Epistle to the Romans ;" all marked with the initials H. M. are by his hand. These pieces obtained for the author the character of a very learned, ingenious, and useful critic, from such judges as the late Dr. Geddes, and Michael Dodson, Esq.

Mr. Moore was the author of an anonymous letter, in which the doctrines of Mr. Madan's *Thelyphora* are attacked with much humour and vivacity.

At the solicitation of his nephew, who was a very intelligent surgeon at Plymouth, he printed, in

1795, a short poem entitled, " Private Life, a Moral Rhapsody." This, though a performance of much poetical and sentimental beauty, yet appearing from a country press, and with no advantages of publication, seems to have attracted little notice. Its merit, however, did not pass unobserved by one of the periodical critics.

During the last summer, Mr. Moore put into the hands of the friend above referred to, a volume of MS. poems, which, with singular modesty, he requested him to shew to some person sufficiently conversant with productions of the kind, to judge of their fitness for the public eye. I was applied to on the occasion ; and I trust the readers of these pieces will be convinced, that I could not hesitate in giving a decided opinion in their favour. In reality, I scarcely ever experienced a greater and more agreeable

surprise, than on the discovery of so rich a mine of poetry, where I had not the least intimation of its existence. That the author should have passed seventy years of life almost totally unknown, was a circumstance that excited the interest of all to whom the poems were communicated ; and we were impatient that, however late, he should enjoy those rewards of merit which had so long been withheld. In the mean time he was attacked with a severe stroke of the palsy, which, while it left his intellects free, incapacitated him for every exertion. There was now no time to be lost. My offer of taking upon myself the whole care of the editorship was thankfully excepted ; and a subscription was set on foot, which met with the warm support of many, who were desirous that all possible comfort should be supplied to cheer the helpless decline of such a

man. But the progress of debility anticipated these well-intended efforts. He sunk tranquilly under his disease on November 2, 1802, having, however, lived to enjoy some satisfaction from the knowledge that there were persons whom he had never seen, who could regard him with cordial esteem and friendship. As he lived in celibacy, and had no dependent relatives, no other object remained for a subscription, than that of bringing forward his posthumous work in an advantageous manner, secure both from loss and neglect. It is now committed to a liberal and discerning public, in the confidence, that the Author will obtain no mean place among those who have contributed to elevate the minds, purify the morals, and gratify the noblest tastes of their countrymen.

J. AIKIN.

STOKE NEWINGTON,
Jan. 1, 1803.



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P O E M S,
LYRICAL AND MISCELLANEOUS.

A VERNAL ODE.

ON his car of light on high
Flaming down the gladden'd sky,
Which the new-born Zephyrs bear
Thro' the azure waste of air,
Dropping verdure, dropping joy,
As they wave the dewy wing,
Moves on, the smiling majesty of spring.
His floating robe each splendid charm displays
Of colour, varied in a thousand ways;
Gay dance behind the Graces wreath'd with flowers,
Young Loves, and blooming Hopes, and bright-ey'd Hours;

The hills and vales their green array renew,
 And all Elysium rises to the view ;
 O'er ev'ry mead the breath of fragrance flows ;
 O'er ev'ry grove the blush of beauty glows.

Maya's rosy fingers now
 Cull the fairest flowers that blow,
 And ev'ry balmy sweet combine
 To form the wreath divine,
 And consecrate the gift at Nature's sacred shrine,
 The mighty Mother, bending from her throne,
 Receives the fragrant boon,
 And bids it her refulgent brows infold,
 And breathe perfume around her locks of gold.

Hence, sadness then, with sullen brow,
 And gloomy thoughts that feed on woe !
 Hence Discontent's corroded breast,
 With all Heav'n's blessings still unblest !
 While hill, and dale, and stream supply,
 Whate'er can charm the ear, or eye,
 Scenes where enthusiast Fancy strays,
 Lost in wild rapture's magic maze,
 Indulge the genial hour, and taste
 The thousand sweets of Nature's feast.

Let Cheerfulness with golden ray
 Beam ev'ry cloud of care away ;
 Let warm Benevolence expand the mind,
 And Nature's kindness teach us to be kind.

The Fairy-tribes, as village legends say,
 From silent haunts of dale, and hill,
 And pebbled fount, and rush-clad rill,
 And tangled copse, and forest hoar,
 Where Winter winds have ceas'd to roar,
 Now hold their yearly holy-day.
 Featly o'er the hallow'd ground
 On the nimble toe they bound,
 Ever in a magic round,

With rites and honours due to celebrate the May.

Corydon will shew the place,
 And their tiny footsteps trace,
 Where the grassy circle's seen,
 Springing with a fresher green.

There in the secret shadowy glade,
 When from yon mountain's azure head
 The ling'ring gleams of parting day
 Glimmer, faint, and fade away,
 Sweet Philomel ! thou bid'st to flow

Thy musical thy melting woe.
 Suspended o'er the sparkling stream,
 Where plays the pale Moon's ever trembling beam,
 Attention stands with mute surprise,
 With folded arms, and half-clos'd eyes,
 And listens into ecstasies. }
 The sylvan Genius seems to guard the ground,
 And all is soft enchantment round.

Hush'd is the hollow gale,
 That lately whistled thro' the rustling woods;
 The shrill wild warblings dying down the dale,
 With the rude murmur mix'd of falling floods,
 At that still solemn hour
 Seize on the sense, and with mysterious pow'r
 Of artless plaintive modulation, lull
 In sweet and silent ravishment the Soul.
 Charm'd are the passions, harmoniz'd the mind,
 Calm as the glassy seas, while sleeps the wind.
 O'er-wearied Labour feels no more his toils:
 Dew-ey'd Sorrow, rous'd to hear,
 Wipes away the starting tear:
 Woe-worn Melancholy smiles,
 And grim Despair, that beat her madding breast,
 Forgets awhile that she was e'er unblest.

But when of dawn the rosy dyes
 Brighten o'er the blushing skies,
 And the gray clouds their robes unfold,
 Streak'd with purple, edg'd with gold,
 And their blended colours throw
 On the glitt'ring lake below,
 See ! Health, the blooming village-Maid,
 Her cheek in native red array'd,
 Her tresses gracefully untied,
 Which shame the artful hand of Pride,
 Sprightly o'er the spangled lawn
 Comes tripping like the nimble fawn !
 Then at her work, the streams along,
 Rudely trills the rural song !
 Content that lightens ev'ry care,
 Sits smiling in her cheerful eye ;
 While Luxury with languid air
 Leans on pale Envy pining by.

See earth her Maker's milder image wear,
 Profusely good, and exquisitely fair,
 Spontaneous Graces catch the ravish'd view,
 Scenes ever varying, beauties ever new.
 The hills rejoice around, the vallies sing,
 And e'en rough mountains gratulate the spring,

While the gay quires, that haunt the shelt'ring shade,
 Their untaught music mix, to glad the groves,
 Where Contemplation, sweetly-pensive Maid,
 With Peace and Rapture roves.

Rejoicing in the good, his hands bestow,
 Th' Almighty Father looks well-pleas'd below ;
 But chief his fav'rite work to see,
 The pious, grateful, social Soul,
 Where tun'd to Nature's harmony
 The softest, sweetest passions roll ;
 That throbs in sympathy with woe,
 That flames with friendship's holy glow,
 That swells with wishes unconfin'd
 To scatter blessings o'er Mankind,
 And, in divine resembling lines imprest,
 Loves his own image on the generous breast.

A LYRIC RHAPSODY,

BEAUTEOUS Sister of the Sun !
Whose gentle rule the starry quires obey,
In full-orb'd glory move majestic on,
And shed a sober, a religious ray ;
 O'er the gloomy front of night
 Cast a sweetly-solemn grace,
Shower o'er her sable plumes thy pearly light,
And kindle into smiles her awful face,

Here, musing in the secret glade,
While beneath the waving shade
Dance on the chequer'd ground thy quiv'ring beams,
Or play bright sparkling on the trembling streams,
O'er the smooth lake a softer lustre throw,
And the hill tops seem tipp'd with silver snow,
From Folly's laugh, from Splendor's idle glare,
The routs of Riot, and the toils of Care,

My soul to Solitude, to Silence, flies,
 To Contemplation's pure and placid joys ;
 O let her here a calm asylum find,
 And leave the Busy, and the Gay behind !

Hail heav'nly Contemplation ! meek-ey'd Maid !
 Fair Hermit ! born beneath th' embowering shade,
 And nurs'd by Silence, daughter of the Night,
 Conversing in thy native wood
 With holy Genii, guardians of the Good,
 Wisdom serene, and Rational Delight ;
 Receive the fugitive—my cares assuage,
 And bid the swelling passions cease to rage !
 I long to hear the whisper'd sounds, that flow
 From thy lov'd lips to cheer the lonely hours,
 Mild as th' ambrosial gales of heav'n, that blow
 O'er amaranthine flow'rs.

O come ! and beaming full on Fancy's eyes
 Bid Virtue's sacred glories rise,
 Such as beside Ilyssus' streams
 Blest as her Plato's hallow'd dreams,
 Whence his warm transported thought
 Its high ecstatic spirit caught !
 Bid me with awful pleasure trace,
 Each mental charm, each moral grace,

In all their fair attractions drest,
 The Sage's thought, the Patriot's flame,
 The pure desire, the generous aim,
 And the bright ardor of the godlike breast !

The friendly heart, the social glow,
 The melting soul of tenderness,
 The tear by Pity-taught to flow,
 To soothe the pangs of keen distress ;
 The firm resolve that dares defy
 The lightening of the Tyrant's eye,
 And, spite of flattery, or force,
 Holds on unmov'd its honest course !

Thus let me view the mind-ennobling Maid,
 In mingled majesty and grace array'd,
 'Till in my breast her thrilling pow'r inspires
 Her own divine delights, her own immortal fires.
 But chief, above these sublunary skies

Bid my bold ideas rise
 On Rapture's flaming car,
 By fiery coursers born in boundless flight
 Above the blazing height
 Of yon dread concave gemm'd with many a star,
 To orbs inspher'd in empyréan gold,
 Where crown'd with flow'ry wreaths, that never die,
 The blooming sons of Immortality
 Sport with young Joys in endless circles roll'd !

Where the First Beauty sheds eternal day,
 While round his sapphire throne the flame-rob'd quire
 Touch into transport high the heav'nly lyre,
 And to the Perfect Fair devote the lay ;
 And while around his peerless glories stream,
 Glow with the warmth, and brightens in the beam.

Hail Excellence Supreme ! above, below,
 We see thy beauteous emanations flow.

Hence each sublime, engaging grace,
 That strikes, or charms on Nature's race ;
 Hence Art derives her mimic power to please,
 Her varied order, and her polish'd ease ;
 Wisdom from Thee, the parent Mind,
 Imbibes her intellectual day,
 The towering sentiment, the thought refin'd,
 Are beamings of thy borrow'd ray :
 When Virtue, on her smooth unsullied breast
 Beholds her moral charms confess,
 Majestically Great, or sweetly Fair,
 She views but thy reflected image there.
 When at thy potent voice Confusion fled,
 And from the dread abyss of ancient Night
 Young Nature rose—while round her purple head
 Play'd the mild lustre of the new-born light ;

When o'er the wide-extended globe
 Celestial Beauty cast her flowery robe,
 With towering cedars crown'd, the hanging hill,
 Shed o'er the plain, the grove, the glade,
 Her sweetly-varied light and shade,
 And thro' the valley pour'd the vagrant rill ;

While Life diffus'd thro' ocean, earth, and air,
 In her variety of forms more fair,
 Aloft on new-fledg'd pinions wing'd her way,
 Or cleav'd with oary fins the foaming sea,
 Roam'd o'er the mountain, bounded thro' the brake,
 Graz'd the smooth green, or lurk'd in sedgy lake ;
 Still was there wanting, to command the whole,
 A ruling pow'r, a reasoning Soul.

A work of more exalted kind
 Thy great ideas then design'd ;
 Bade a majestic form arise,
 And lift to heav'n the conscious brow,
 The seat of thought, and sparkling eyes
 All bright in Fancy's vivid glow.
 Him, thy fair Image, did thy word ordain
 The reasoning Monarch of the land and main,
 Supreme, but with a just and gentle sway,
 And bade the Brute his destin'd Lord obey.

Nor for this world alone, a transient scene,
 Form'st thou the Soul—Some instinct from within,
 Thine inspiration, wings her wish sublime
 Beyond the bounds of nature and of time.
 The strong and restless energy of Mind,
 That roves the fields of Science unconfin'd,
 That spreads its darting plumes from pole to pole,
 Wherever tempests rage, or oceans roll,
 Explores the secrets of the realms on high,
 Draws the red lightnings from the low'ring sky,
 Bids seven-fold light its magic dyes display,
 The blended glories of the golden day,
 Treads the bright path the circling planets run,
 Sports in the living splendors of the sun,
 Or far outflies the comet's blazing race,
 And seeks new systems thro' the wilds of space—

Immense designs,
 Immortal hopes, and unextinguished fires,
 Exalt her vast aspiring thought to Thee,
 And only find a bound in thine Infinity.

But when, forgetful of her heavenly birth,
 She drops her idle plumes, and sinks to earth,
 When lost to Virtue's sacred charms,
 Her vigour melts in Pleasure's arms,

Her grace and beauties by degrees decay,
And mists of error cloud her mental ray;
Slaves to a tyrant lust, divine no more,
Her towering faculties no longer soar;
Her nobler powers in wild confusion tost
By furious passions, or in languor lost,
Lie drear and waste, like once a beauteous World
Dash'd into ruin, and in Chaos hurl'd.

ODE
ON CONTENTMENT.

BEHOLD those haughty hills that heaven invade,
And o'er the vales extend their awful shade !
 Sublime upon his icy throne,
 There tyrant Winter reigns alone,
In sullen majesty; while vapours hoar,
And rainy clouds involve his gloomy brow;
Beneath his feet the chilling tempests roar,
And down the mountain drive, th' incessant snow;
Beat by the hollow blast the rocking woods
Wave their brown horrors, howling o'er the floods,

Here seems old Chaos to maintain
The relics of his ancient reign,
When yet the rude materials of the world
Were all in wild confusion hurl'd;
 Ere yet the Sovereign mind
In friendly league the jarring atoms join'd,

Polish'd the rugged form of nature's face,
 Mix'd strength with elegance, with grandeur grace,
 And pour'd those beauties o'er the blendid whole,
 Which charm the sight and elevate the soul.
 And is there ought of bliss 'mid scenes so dear?
 And can Contentment fix her dwelling here?

Yes! here—tho' Wildness o'er the ragged rocks
 Roams with disorder'd robes, and tangled locks,
 Tho' hither late arrives the lagging Spring,
 Slow stooping with unwilling wing,
 And scatters with a sparing hand
 His treasures o'er the barren land;
 Yet, while in studious quiet blest,
 Beneath my humble roof I rest,
 I envy not the happier skies,
 Where brighter suns unclouded rise
 To gild Hesperia's flow'ry vales;
 Where Beauty, wreath'd by Love with roses
 In the myrtle bower reposes,
 Her bosom cool'd by fragrant gales;
 And vernal Hours display their purple pride
 On broider'd Arno's blushing side.

True bliss is not to place confined,
 But stays, or travels with the Mind,

Nor luxury, nor pomp impart
 Her genuine rapture to the heart.
 Those vaunt her favours most, who least obtain,
 The Great, the Proud, the Viscious, and the Vain.
 Coy Beauty and reserv'd, she flies
 The croud's applause, the public eye,
 Loud-laughing Folly's idle joys,
 And Grandeur's childish pageantry;
 Deep in the breast retir'd she sits unseen,
 Still sought without and overlook'd within.

When Dionysius crown'd the purple bowl,
 Bid round the board the tides of pleasure roll,
 And call'd her to the feast, he call'd in vain;
 She fled the noisy banquet with disdain,
 And swift her downy pinions spread
 To Plato in his Academic shade;
 While by Ilyssus' bank with transport high
 His soul enjoy'd her immortality.

In Pleasure's blooming walks and fragrant bowers,
 Where Venus waves her golden hair,
 Beneath the shades, among the flowers
 Lurks the sly deceiver Care:

While Admiration gazing counts
 The trophies in long triumph borne,
 Aloft the victor's gilded car she mounts,
 And with the wreathing laurel twines her thorn;
 And while, "a God! a God!"—resound the skies,
 The sighing heart the loud acclaim belies.

Her gloomy front she dares intrude
 Upon the Tyrant's solitude;
 Nor can the bravest guards that round him wait,
 Drive the fell harpy from his chairs of state.
 The sound of titles, and the soothing strain
 Of servile flattery charm remorse in vain,
 To the sore mind like music idly play'd
 To mothers, on an infant's bier
 Shedding the pathetic tear;
 Or to the fond and faithful Maid,
 With a breaking heart that hangs
 O'er a dying Lover's pangs.

Guilt o'er his bosom throws infernal night;
 There the grim ghosts of ancient crimes affright;
 Now Vengeance flames before, now frowns behind;
 Vengeance he hears in every whistling wind:
 For him he thinks the flashing lightnings fly;
 For him the thunders murmur in the sky:

Suspicion paints the visionary dart,
 And pale assassin: with uplifted hand,
 And eye determin'd, stern, he sees him stand,
 And aim the vengeful weapon at 'his heart ;
 Aghast he shudders at the view,
 And starts, and fears the vision true.

Far from the din of courts, Repose
 Visits the harmless Shepherd's shed,
 O'er his hard limbs her sleepy poppy throws,
 And curtains round with rest his lowly bed,
 Then gives him to the dawning day
 Blithe as the vermeil morn of May.
 Uprising light his fleecy charge he leads
 To the fresh fountains, and the flow'ry meads,
 Lays by the stream his careless length along,
 And whistles rude his wildly warbled song ;
 Or by the blushing Milk-maid's pail
 Artless tells his tender tale.
 Ambition with her gilded snare
 Stalks by his cot, too proud to enter there ;
 From Envy's lynx's eye,
 Conceal'd in shades his humble merits lie,
 And factious Rage, on murder'd Greatness fed,
 Hurls her dire jav'lin at a nobler head.

O Nymph of sweet engaging mien,
 With ruddy cheek and brow serene,
 Divine Contentment ! still be nigh
 To cheer me with thy placid eye.
 While thro' this fleeting Life's short various day,
 A humble Pilgrim here I plod my way,
 May no ambitious dreams delude my mind,
 Impatience hence be far—and far be Pride;
 Whate'er my lot, on Heav'n's kind care reclin'd,
 Be Piety my comfort—Faith my guide.

Let others rise by guilt and meanness Great,
 Riot in luxury, and stalk in state
 Their short liv'd days, 'till Death, relentless foe,
 Strike their vain grandeur to the gulf below;
 The godlike Soul regards with just disdain
 The passing pageant of the proud and Vain:
 Her wish she wings beyond the bounds of time
 To joys more pure, to glories more sublime.
 Her bold Ambition, of no mortal size,
 Does like some Colossean statue rise,
 And hide its tow'ring forehead in the skies.

THE VANITY OF FAME.

As vapours from the marsh's miry bed
 Ascend, and gath'ring on the mountain head,
 Spread their long train in splendid pomp on high;
 Now o'er the vales in awful grandeur lour,
 Now flashing, thund'ring down the trembling sky,
 Rive the tough oak, or dash th'aspiring tow'r;

Then melting down in rain
 Drop to their base original again;
 Thus earth-born Heroes, the proud sons of praise,
 Awhile on Fortune's airy summit blaze,

The world's fair peace confound,
 And deal dismay, and death, and ruin round,
 Then back to earth these idols of an hour
 Sink on a sudden, and are known no more.

Where is each boasted Favourite of Fame,
 Whose wide expanded name

Fill'd the loud echoes of the world around,
 While shore to shore return'd the lengthen'd sound?
 The Warrior's where, who, in triumphal pride,
 With weeping Freedom to the chariot tied,
 To glory's Capitolian temple rode?
 In undistinguish'd dust together trod,
 Victors and vanquish'd mingle in the grave;
 Worms prey upon the mould'ring God,
 Nor know a Cæsar from his slave;
 In empty air their mighty deeds exhale,
 A School-boy's wonder, or an evening tale.

 In vain with various arts they strive
 To keep their little names alive,
 Bid to the skies th' ambitious tow'r ascend;
 The cirque its vast majestic length extend;
 Bid arcs of triumph swell their graceful round;
 Or mausoleums load th' incumber'd ground;
 Or sculpture speak in animated stone
 Of vanquish'd Monarchs tumbled from the throne;
 The rolling tide of years
 Rushing with strong, and steady current, bears
 The pompous piles with all their fame away,
 To black Oblivion's sea;
 Deep in whose dread abyss the glory lies
 Of empires, ages, never more to rise!

Where's now imperial Rome,
 Who erst to subject Kings denounc'd their doom,
 And shook the sceptre o'er a trembling World?
 From her proud height by force Barbarian hurl'd.
 Now, on some broken capital reclin'd;

The sage of classic mind
 Her awful relics views with pitying eye,
 And o'er departed Grandeur heaves a sigh;
 Or fancies, wandering in his moonlight walk
 The prostrate fanes, and mould'ring domes among,
 He sees the mighty Ghosts of Heroes stalk
 In melancholy majesty along,
 Or pensive hover o'er the ruins round,
 Their pallid brows with faded laurels bound;
 While Cato's shade seems scornful to survey
 A race of Slaves, and sternly strides away.

Where old Euphrates winds his storied flood,
 The curious Traveller explores in vain
 The barren shores, and solitary plain,
 Where erst majestic Babel's turret's stood;
 All vanish'd from the view her proud abodes,
 Her walls, and brazen gates, and palaces of Gods!
 A shapeless heap o'erspreads the dreary space,
 Of mingled piles an undistinguish'd mass;
 There the wild tenants of the desert dwell;
 The serpent's hiss is heard, the dragon's yell;

And doleful howlings o'er the waste affright
And drive afar the wand'ers of the night.

Yet, 'tis Divinity's implanted fire,
Which bids the Soul to glorious heights aspire;
Enlarge her wishes, and extend her sight
Beyond this little Life's contracted round,

And wing her eagle flight
To grandeur, fame, and bliss without a bound.
Ambition's ardent hopes, and golden dreams,
Her tow'ring madness, and her wild extremes,
Unfold this sacred truth to Reason's eye,
That "Man was made for Immortality."

Yes, Friend! let noble deeds, and noble aims
To distant ages consecrate our names,
That when these tenements of crumbling clay
Are dropt to dust away,

Some worthy monument may still declare

To future times, "we were!"

Not such as mad Ambition's votaries raise

Upon the driving sand of vulgar praise;

But with its firm foundation laid

On Virtue's adamantine rock,

That to the skies shall lift its tow'ring head

Superior to the surge's shock.

& Plann'd like a Memphian Pyramid sublime,
 Rising majestic on its ample base,
 By just degrees, and with a daring grace,
 Erect, unmoved amid the storms of time!

Of time! no, that's a period too confin'd
 To fill the unbounded Mind,
 Which o'er the barrier leaps of added years,
 Of ages, æras, and revolving spheres,
 And leaves the flight of numbers still behind.

When the loud clarion's dreadful roll,
 Shall rend the globe from pole to pole;
 When worlds and systems sink in fire,
 And Nature, Time, and Death expire;
 In the bright records of the sky
 Shall Virtue see her honors shine;
 Shall see them blazing round the sacred shrine
 Of blest Eternity.

ODE

TO GREAT BRITAIN.

THEE, Albion, Thee my grateful Muse shall sing;
 For thee, great Mother! touch the lyric string:
 Parent of Men, wise, martial, bold, and free,
 Who oft have faced the fiercest forms of death,
 And gasp'd in glory's arms their parting breath
 For Liberty, and Thee.

Hail seat of science, arts, and equal sway!
 Freedom's fair throne amid the subject sea!
 Thee fav'ring Heav'n design'd
 From wild despotic rage the Fortress of mankind.
 For this he rais'd thy rocky mound,
 And pour'd the roaring billows round,
 From where old Orcas hears the rough North rave,
 To where Belerium brows the western wave.
 To thy propitious shore
 Fair Innocence oppress'd by tyrant pow'r,

And meek-ey'd Peace repair,
And find a sure repose and refuge there.

While on the verdant hills, and flow'ry mead,
Thy fleecy flocks securely stray,
Thy lowing herds securely feed,
And rustic youth their frolic gambols play,
No hostile legions dare invade
Thy unpolluted shade;
No hostile sounds their horrors dart
Through the Virgin's trembling heart,
List'ning in the tranquil grove
To some tender tale of love;
But Peace and Freedom walk the hallow'd ground,
And rich Abundance smiles, and Beauty blooms around.

On thy eternal rocks, with trophies grac'd,
Above the foaming surges of the flood,
Has Liberty sublime her Temple plac'd,
The deep foundations stain'd with tyrants' blood.
Vast pile of adamant! the structure stands;
To heav'n's high vault the swelling domes aspire,
And shed their lustre wide—while distant lands
Behold the golden glories, and admire.

There native Genius, and consummate Art,
 Exerting each their destin'd part,
 Have spirit, grandeur, grace combin'd,
 And Gothic strength with Grecian order join'd
 To form one bold and regular design,
 Where just proportion tempers warmth divine.

Around the walls, by mimic Art pourtray'd,
 Are Patriots, Chiefs, and mighty deeds display'd.
 Here the impassion'd colours tell
 How gentle, gen'rous Russel fell;
 There Sidney fierce, impatient of the yoke,
 Firm and undaunted meets the Tyrant's stroke:
 Here Eliot, ardent for her injur'd laws,
 With Roman spirit pleads his country's cause,
 Scorns the mean Tyrant's arts, his rage defies,
 And with the spirit that he liv'd, he dies.

See Hampden with a calm determin'd air
 The frown of stern Oppression singly dare!

There fainting on the ground
 In living purple, streams his glorious wound,
 While Freedom, Honour, Virtue mourn around. }
 In attitude to speak see Chatham stand!
 He waves with graceful dignity his hand;

Britannia's rights his fervid breast inspire,
 Each look and act all energy and fire!
 But feeble here are lines, and colours faint;
 Fancy must image what no art can paint;
 That patriot glow, from whose resistless ray
 The foes of freedom turn'd their eyes away;
 Soul piercing eloquence with wisdom join'd;
 The comprehensive thought, th' unconquerable mind.

There with majestic charms,
 Guarded by laws, and arms,
 The Goddess, awful, fills her sacred seat:
 While Tyranny with brazen fetters bound,
 Thrown from his steel-bright chariot to the ground,
 Rages with idle fury at her feet:
 His iron rod, and axes stain'd with gore,
 And racks, and torturing wheels, lie broken on the floor.

On either hand, attendant on their Queen,
 In fair array a comely Choir are seen;
 Mild Peace, whose locks her olive wreaths unfold,
 And roseate Plenty, with her lib'ral horn:
 And sun-burnt Commerce, bright in broider'd gold,
 Whose brows the treasures of the world adorn.

The Muses there with manly melody
 Bid to her praise their nobler numbers roll,
 And from the lustre of her vivid eye
 Catch the keen flame, and ecstasy of soul.

Touch'd by her animating ray
 The sciences and arts display
 Whate'er unfetter'd genius can inspire,
 All reason's energy, all Fancy's fire,
 That give or grace or dignity to Mind,
 And form, secure, improve the bliss of human-kind,
 Truth, by blind zeal and tyrant rage unaw'd,
 Like the free eagle wings her daring course,
 And soaring upward to her heavenly source
 Imbibes the bright effulgence of her God.

Goddess! by Albion most ador'd and blest!
 Still may thy spirit swell the British breast!
 Thy ardours still her patriot Chiefs inspire,
 And kindle to a blaze her warriors' fire!
 Beneath thy influence still may Britain reign,
 Imperial mistress of the mighty main;

And while her naval thunders roar,
 Pale Gallia tremble—proud Iberia's shore
 Tremble thro' her echoing caves,
 Dash'd by Britannia's subject waves!

May Fate another, better, age unfold!
May Peace repose beneath her olive shade,
While singing Muses lull the sleeping Maid,
And still may Plenty smile, and Commerce flame in gold.
O drive Corruption to her dreary cell,
There may th' envenom'd harpy dwell,
Amid the glooms of night, and groans of Hell! }
On Glory's car, at her sublimest height,
May the full splendours of thy genius glow,
A ray on Albion beam benignly bright,
But flash like blasting lightning on her foe!

O D E

— OCCASIONED BY THE ATHEISTICAL TENETS PUBLICLY
AVOWED IN FRANCE.

“ Is there a God ?” the Sceptic cries,
Profanely daring, and absurdly wise.*
Ask the loud thunder ! Ask the lightning’s glare !
When Terror riding on his fiery car,
 Flashing thro’ the blue profound,
 Shakes the vaulted heav’ns around :
 Or ask the troubled Deep,
When o’er the surge the dire Tornados sweep,
Bid the vex’d surface into mountains rise,
And wild confusion mingles waves and skies ;
 While the poor Pilot, pale with dread,
Sees ghastly Death hang foaming o’er his head ;
Trembling she’ll tell, what awful Pow’r presides
To sink, or swell to rage her hoarse-resounding tides.

* Hor. Od. 34. l. 1. Insanientis Sapientiae.

Ask of the skies, who form'd their shining frame;
 Who rang'd the starry legions in array;
 Who thro' the void elanc'd the comet's flame,
 And from its golden fountain pour'd the day?
 Who bends the concave of the seven-fold bow?
 Who gives the rising morn its roseate glow?
 In tenfold darkness now involves the sphere!
 While stalk terrific thro' the dreadful night
 Ravening Death, and pale Affright,
 And shake the shiv'ring heart with frantic fear?

Are proofs of pow'r too weak? Behold around
 Bounty profuse, and Love that knows no bound!
 For thee ungrateful Man! his fav'rite care,
 He shed a thousand charms on Nature's face,
 All sweetly blended—the sublime, the fair,
 Order divine, and soul-enchancing grace.
 • Cloth'd the gay pastures with enlivening green,
 Arch'd with embow'ring shades the sylvan scene;
 • Swell'd the high mountain with majestic pride,
 • Slop'd the deep vale, and down its winding side
 Bid many a fresh rill flow, that murmuring strays
 Most musical in many a waving maze.
 For thee his vernal Zephyrs play,
 And in rich colours blooms the flow'ry May;

For thee his handmaid Nature show'rs around
 Her ample stores, and loads the gladden'd ground;
 For thee his Moons their silver beams unfold,
 And Suns with regal grandeur blaze in gold.

Yet Man with reason blind, perverse of will,
 Caprice his guide, and lust his law,
 Still prone to interdicted ill,
 Nor Love can melt, nor Pow'r can awe.
 Of Heav'n's unnumber'd bounties while porrest
 The goodness he blasphemes, that makes him blest:
 Weak reptile! dares with impious pride
 Oppose th' Omnipotent's command,
 Nor suffers his uplifted hand *
 To lay the vengeful bolt aside.

Insatiate Famine, flame-ey'd War,
 Foul Disease's ghastly train,
 And pining Grief and agonizing Pain,
 Outrageous Frenzy, sullen-ey'd Despair,
 Whose hand determin'd grasps the dart
 To drive it to her heart,

D

* ————— neque
 Per nostrum patimur scelus
 Iracunda Jovem ponere fulmina.

HOR. OD. iii. l. 1.

Pale-check'd Anxiety, that knows no rest,
 And fell Remorse with snaky tresses crown'd,
 With all her thousand Fiends of horror round,
 That pierce with guilty pangs the secret breast,
 And that dread Voice, that dogs the godless crew,
 Which silent long, at length with awful roll,
 Like thunder pealing thro' the shudd'ring Soul,
 Compels it to believe, and tremble too,
 All at his footstool wait his dread command :
 Grim-visag'd Vengeance heads the grisly band :
 Arm'd with her iron rod,
 With all the flames and thunders of her GOD,
 Her host of marshall'd Ills she leads below,
 And deals around variety of woe.

 Hail Greatest ! Wisest ! Best !
 While peal thy thunders, and thy lightnings glow,
 Let the bold tremble, and the haughty bow,
 And thrilling terrors chill the Tyrant's breast !
 But blest the pious, gentle, generous Race,
 On whom imprest, in many a lovely line,
 The beamings of thy beauty shine,
 With full reflected grace ?
 Theirs is heart-cheering Hope of eye serene,
 Mild as some smiling Angel's placid mien ;

✓ Theirs is strong-pinion'd Faith, that dares the sky ;
 Theirs Peace ethereal ever calm, and even ;
 Theirs the rapt Seraph's soul-entrancing joy ;
 Theirs the fair dawns of the day of Heaven.

To them thy flaming bolts no terrors bear,
 While in their dread Almighty King they view
 The tender Father too,
 ✓ Joy in thy love, and trust thy faithful care.
 Thus some bright Cherub stands before thy shrine,
 Fearless his Maker's awful form surveys,
 Securely sees his dreadful glories shine,
 And in his lightning's living flashes plays.

AN ANGEL'S SURVEY

OF

THE WORLD.

“ AMONG the tribes that float in air around,
“ Or cleave the curling wave, or graze the ground,
“ Is there no Being of superior frame?

“ No master-work of Heaven,
“ To whom more awful powers, a purer flame,

“ A reasoning Mind is given,
“ By the First Father form'd sublime to sway
“ O'er the wide land, and loud' resounding sea!

“ There is—I see this earthly Demigod;
“ I see the graceful form, the meaning face,
“ Erect, and tow'ring to yon bright abode,
“ Where with majestic beauty stamp'd I trace
“ Th' inspiring Soul, that fills the lovely shrine,
“ Reason's keen piercing beam, and Virtue's air divine.”

So spake a spirit of ethereal frame,
 When first to earth a visitant he came ;
 To view the glories of his God display'd
 In shining orbs, and rolling worlds unknown,
 In varied forms, in varied grace array'd,
 He left his native skies, and kindred sun,
 And on the pious thought intent,
 To this terrestrial ball his course he bent.

Awhile the purple-pinion'd stranger stood,
 And with an angel's ken, that wide and far
 Glanc'd like the lightning's instantaneous glare,
 Our idle, busy, bustling race he view'd.

He saw with sorrow there
 His Maker's image, stampt divinely fair,
 Profan'd by Folly, or by Vice defac'd ;
 All quench'd the sacred Soul's ethereal flame ;
 Forgot her being's nobler end and aim ;
 Her reason slave to sense, and bending to the beast.
 Unchain'd the fiercer passions madden round,
 Pride, Envy, Lust, Ambition, Rage, confound
 The world's fair order—and like hell-hounds driven
 By scourging furies, waste the works of Heaven.

Here Vice he sees, enthron'd in Virtue's shrine,
 With idol pomp ador'd, and rites divine,

Her secret myst'ries unabash'd display,
 And act her orgies in the face of day.
 Her impious Sons still riot uncontroll'd;
 Not fiercer midnight wolves that thin the fold;
 No ties confine their rage, no sanctions awe;
 To them no God, no Gospel, and no law;
 Yet is their spreading glory seen,
 Tall as the palm, and as the laurel green;
 For them fair Plenty heaps her ample stores,
 And on the genial board unsparing pours;
 For them the weary Peasant plows the soil;
 Their's is the fruit, for which ten thousand toil;
 Sublime on Fortune's airy height they stand,
 Her shining fane command,
 Rush on her glittering spoils with rapine bold,
 And share at will her honours and her gold.

Now strike his startled ear from far
 The din and deafening clamours of the Bar.
 There with arch leer, and ever pliant tongue,
 Stands Sophistry, confounding right and wrong;
 With Impudence, nor Man nor God can awe,
 And stern Oppression, sanctified by law;
 While Perjury without remorse or dread,
 Hears the hoarse thunder murmuring o'er his head.

Justice with weeping eyes
 Her rightful seat, and sacred temple flies ;
 Chicane with thousand tongues usurps her reign,
 Loud as the clangors of the storm-vext main.

There sees he blazing in imperial pride
 On Freedom's prostrate neck the Despot ride !
 Furious and gloomy as the northern wind,
 He shakes the sword of vengeance o'er mankind,
 Like a red comet with his flaming hair ;
 Oppression, Rapine, stalk beside the car,
 Captivity, and Grief, and gory Death behind.

But now the martial clarion's shrill alarms
 Call all the Furies—rouse the rage of war.
 He hears the prancing steed, the clattering car,
 And vales, and rocks rebellow loud—"to arms !"
 In shining pomp, and awful beauty gay,
 Fierce for the bloody business of the day,
 See front to front two kindred armies stand !
 Discord, with serpents hissing round her head,
 Bids to the sky the purple banners spread,
 Her torch of flame high waving in her hand ;
 With frantic mien she runs from band to band,
 Fires every beating breast, and sows the seed
 Of rancour, rage, and death, and every dreadful deed.

Now meet the charging legions—hate and ire
 Edge their keen swords, and sparkle in their eyes :
 The glowing field appears a moving fire :
 Loud and more loud the mingling clangors rise..
 Fierce Discord thunders, and the hills reply
 Hoarse echoing—trembles earth, and shakes the sky..
 From host to host gigantic Terror strides,
 And darts chill horror thro' the bravest breast :
 Grim death amid the ranks in triumph rides,
 And calls Hell's hungry bloodhounds to the feast..

Dissolv'd are Honour's, Friendship's, Nature's ties ;
 See by the Brother's sword the Brother dies !
 See mute with horror, writh'd with anguish there
 Bent o'er his murder'd Son, the gory Sire—
 Looking some dreadful thought in stern despair ;
 Then with self-vengeance on the corse expire !

Here fell Revenge around
 Turns her keen eye to find her hated foe ;
 Full at his heart she drives the desperate blow,
 And turns th' envenom'd weapon in the wound..

Wide Desolation o'er the weeping plains
 Rushing with wasteful sway,
 Like a vast torrent swoll'n with wint'ry rains,
 Sweeps the rich product of the year away..

High o'er th' imperial city's glittering spires
Blaze to the midnight sky the crackling fires..

Sights of horror, sounds of woe
Mark the dire progress of the victor foe !
The harden'd Soldier looks relentless on,
And shouts triumphant o'er th' expiring groan..

There from his snowy waste, and frozen skies,
The rav'ning Russian eagle flies,
And swiftly shooting from his airy way
Pounces on his trembling prey..
The Polish Peasant sees the flames invade
His long-lov'd cot, and blast the blooming grove..

Where whilom to his nut-brown Maid
He told his tales of love..
His flocks and herds the Soldier's spoil,
He flies exil'd his native soil,
Staggering with age and care ;
With cold and famine faint, his infant race,
And pining in his fond embrace,
His soul with agonizing tortures tear.

But now the Angel's eye new scenes invite :
He sees a long procession, rob'd in white ;
Melodious warblings trill on every tongue ;
To God ascend the lays

In sounds of sacred praise,
 His love the grateful subject of the song.
 To pay the solemn vow
 To yon fair temple's gilded domes they go.
 A sudden transport seiz'd the Seraph's breast,
 As when among his brethren of the blest,
 In heavenly bowers above,
 To rapture's voice he tun'd the lyre of Love.

Quick thro' the sounding aisle a glance he darts,
 Then back with horror starts.
 There Superstition sits in idol state,
 To kneeling trembling crowds denouncing fate,
 Far-beaming rays her flaming brows infold;
 Her beauteous outside gorgeous all with gold:
 Her inward form, by art in vain conceal'd,
 To his keen eye the Fiend of Hell reveal'd.

Now in dread majesty sublime she stands,
 And wields the three-fork'd thunder in her hands;
 Now to thick shades, and cheerless gloom retires,
 And thro' the darkness breathes devouring fires;
 At her command the deadly lightning flies;
 At her command th' avenging Furies rise;
 Hark! the harsh jarrings of the clanking chain:
 Sighs of sorrow, sullen moans,

Doleful shrieks, and dying groans,
And Hell's own horrors fill th' affrighted fane.

Swords, axes, racks, bestrew the purpled floor;
The clotted altars blush with human gore;
Grim Terrors, panic Fears, surround the shrine;
The wild Enthusiast feels the flame divine;
Sad Melancholy sighs for ever there,
And in her dreary dungeon raves despair.

A madding Rout around
By turns devoutly curse, devoutly pray,
For God they cancel faith, for God betray,
For God infuriate deal the deathful wound.
Affection, Pity, Nature plead in vain;
The Friend is sacrific'd, the brother slain!
While the fond Sire, by pious rage possest,
Drives the fell dagger to the daughter's breast!

Aghast the Seraph turn'd his tearful eye,
Beat his sad breast, and sought again the sky.

ODE TO DELIA SINGING.

PARENT of winning grace, and thrilling joy,
 Celestial Harmony, on high
 On her sweet solemn sounding spheres enthron'd,
 Melts into melody the Cherub's tongue,
 Kindles the raptur'd Seraph's glowing song,
 And turns th' eternal wheels of Nature round.

When jarring atoms wag'd incessant wars,
 Ere flam'd the glories of the golden stars,
 Ere yet the bright imperial son
 In his majestic center shone,
 She touch'd the living lyre—the swelling sound
 Warbled thro' Chaos' dreary realms around.
 Charm'd Tumult sunk in silence—the rough seas
 Of mingled matter, seas without a shore,
 Repress'd their foaming rage, and ceas'd to roar,
 Calm as old Ocean heaving to the breeze.

From the rude mass obedient to her song
 Order, and Life, and Soul, and Beauty sprung,
 Wild discord heard, and murm'ring fled;
 Deep in the dark abyss she plunged her head;
 There, bound for ever in a brazen chain,
 With Hate, and Rage, and Hell, she raves in vain,
 And universal Peace assumes her placid reign.

'Twas she o'er Delia's shape, and face,
 And air, and motion, shed enchanting grace;
 To her own sphery chimes attuned her tongue,
 And breath'd into her breast the soul of song.
 While in the nobler music of her mind,
 (Result of mental, moral charms combin'd,
 Whate'er can elevate, delight, endear)
 We see with fairest evidence appear
 The Power, that spreads, below, around, above,
 Order, and grace, and tunes the world to love.

When new to life, our sire was laid
 On mother earth's embroider'd bed,
 The fountain's flow'ry verge along,
 While with soft murmuring melody
 The tinkling rill ran querulously by,
 And tuned its wild unvaried song,

With fix'd attention lull'd to hear
 He listen'd with delighted ear,
 Or thrill'd with pleasure, while the breeze above,
 Whose spicy breath perfumed the grove,
 Among the branches musically play'd,
 And harmonized the trees that trembled o'er his head.

But when of Angel-guards the hymning Quire
 (Unseen by his terrestrial eyes)
 Sweetly touch'd the sacred lyre,
 He started up with wild surprize,
 And all his soul was lost in pleasing ecstasies;
 Raptur'd, he thought the God, he sought, was found,
 His voice he deemed it, and ador'd the sound.
 Thus, Delia! when, with kindred zeal inspired,
 To themes divine you consecrate your tongue,
 And with your Maker's praise exalt the song,
 We feel our breasts with new emotions fir'd;
 List'ning to the heavenly strain
 Common sounds intrude in vain;
 With sacred love our soften'd souls o'erflow,
 Or with sublime enflam'd devotion glow.
 Tir'd Care forgets her toils,
 And Sorrow wipes her dewy eyes, and smiles.

Fair Nymph! proceed—the noblest hints inspire,
 From vulgar cares the sordid soul refine,

Touch the cold bosom with a heavenly fire,
And raise our Human to Divine;
You give Religion greater grace to please,
And lend her awful truths melodious ease;
Severe in others she commands, alarms,
And chills with look austere the trembling breast;
In you she like a tuneful Angel charms,
And tempts us to be good, and wins us to be blest.

TO A
 YOUNG LADY
 ON HER BIRTH-DAY.

Be this auspicious day for ever blest;
 May fav'ring Phœbus mark it from the rest,
 Ever brightest to appear
 Among the shining children of the year;
 On this—may wretches never breathe their woes,
 May grief a respite find, and care repose,
 When first the conscious skies
 Saw on the world thy dawning beauty rise!
 And ever blest be thou without alloy
 With each rare boon of excellence and joy,
 Which to its chosen few, the good, are given
 By the rich bounties of indulgent Heaven!

Blest—not that Beauty deck'd thy fav'rite frame
 With every charm that sets the soul on flame,

Hues, that the roses of the morn outvie,
 And the soft languors of the melting eye;
 Bid magic grace in every motion flow,
 And round your lips in smiles ethereal glow,
 And moulded in your shape with just design
 The nice proportions of her waving line;
 But that, sublimely negligent of these,
 On the graces more refin'd
 Of the heaven-descended Mind,
 You build a nobler praise!

Blest—that, while others in life's blooming spring
 To crown her brainless head,
 To Folly's fane their roseate blossoms bring,
 And their vernal treasures shed
 On laughing Pleasure's idle bed—
 The fairest flowers of beauty and of youth
 You in immortal garlands twine,
 And hang their honours round the sacred shrine
 Of Piety and Truth!
 While Learning's lore your giddy Sex despise,
 Too gay to think, too charming to be wise,
 O blest—who still with happiest art unite
 Science with eloquence, and truth with wit,
 And lend Philosophy your beauty's aid,
 Your grace to please, your sweetness to persuade!

Thus some majestic Grecian temple stands,
 With beauty charms us, and with awe commands :
 Each part composed the critic eye to please ;
 Great without vastness, regular with ease ;
 And where at once harmoniously combine
 Justness of art, and boldness of design ;
 Where with the Loves and Graces plac'd, we view
 Minerva, and the Muses too.

Proceed, my Fair ! advance in ev'ry art,
 That wins the judgment, while it warms the heart.
 Be in thy bosom's hallow'd verge combin'd,
 All that can elevate or charm Mankind !
 May Heaven's own image shine serenely fair !
 May Heavens own raptures glow for ever there !
 Rever'd, and loved on earth—approv'd by Heav'n,
 Enough—enough is given :
 Let Folly, Pride, and Avarice share the rest,
 Be virtuous—and be blest !

ODE TO NOVELTY.

HAIL Novelty, whose vagrant dyes
 All wildly float on Fancy's eyes !
 Thine are the colours that the clouds invest,
 When o'er the skies they spread their splendid train,
 While in majestic glory down the west
 Bright Phoebus bends his glitt'ring wain ;
 Still in a thousand forms array'd
 Of ever-changing light, and shade,
 Now their gray robes a silver skirt unfold,
 And now in purple blush, now glow in flaming gold.

Thine is the transitory ray,
 Which thro' the pale night darts, and dies away ;
 Thine is the labyrinth's illusive maze ;
 The rill, that in meand'ring current strays ;
 Now glide its silent waters smooth and slow ;
 Now chide, and murmur thro' the vocal vale ;

Now from the steep, the crystal curve they throw,
Loud raging 'mid the rocks, and dashing down the dale.

While thy sweet witchcraft fascinates the sight,
The rude can please, the terrible delight.

The craggy cliff, whose pendant brow
Nods o'er the formidable depths below ;

The spacious forest, waste and wild,
Where slumber Silence, Nature's savage child,
Or Melancholy wand'ring weeps alone,
And makes to senseless woods her lamentable moan :
Rocks pil'd on rocks in rough terrific pride,

O'erhung with thickets hoar ;
The deafening cataract's tremendous roar,
That down the lofty precipice's side
Flings the vast volume of its frothy tide ;
The billow's beating on the bellowing strand,

When the foul Spirit of the storms
Howls in the blacken'd sky, the deep deforms,
And drives the seas in mountains to the land ;
The yawning gulph, the cavern's awful frown,
And gloomy clefts with shaggy shades o'ergrown,
From Thee derive a charm, and beauties not their own. }

'Tis to thy wizard wand we owe
The dearest joys of life below ;

Thine the inexpressive grace,
 That plays on beauty's soul-inspiring face.
 Take thy fairy charm away,
 Beauty sheds a languid ray;
 Love's soft enchantments weaken by degrees,
 And Pleasure loses all her power to please.

When Adam, first emerging into day,
 Open'd his eyelids to the dazzling ray,
 And Nature rose refulgent on his sight,
 In all her richest colours drest,
 Her Maker's charms divinely bright
 Upon her infant form imprest,
 Upstarting from his parent ground
 With eye intent he gaz'd.
 O'er earth, o'er skies, above, below, around,
 In sweet confusion raptur'd and amaz'd.

Where'er thro' Eden's blooming groves he stray'd,
 New beauties still their varying grace display'd;
 The woodbine bow'r, the fountain murmuring by,
 The distant hills, that mingled with the sky,
 The flow'ry vesture of the vernal plain,
 Heaven's azure arch, the morn's ethereal glow,
 The landscape floating on the lake below,
 Touch'd his glad heart, and thrill'd in ev'ry vein:

But chief the Lord of day's ascending blaze
Suspends his ardent gaze.

But when familiar to the scene
The magic of surprise decay'd,
The azure vault, the flow'ry green,
With less'ning transport he survey'd;
O'er blooming groves he glanced his careless eyes;
The purling fount that murmur'd by,
No longer roll'd in melody,
And without wonder suns might set, or rise.

Fancy, ever fond of change,
Free and unconfin'd would range;
New wishes still, new hopes, new ardor rise;
From joy to joy she flies,
Restless, insatiate—the short rapture past,
She hates this moment, what she lov'd the last,
Of one vast world exhausts the mighty store,
Then, like the Macedonian, sighs for more.

Short, ah! short is Beauty's reign!
Quick the gust of Pleasure flies!
So did Sovereign Fate ordain,
The doom of all beneath the skies.

But Virtue, offspring of immortal kind,

Is not to mortal laws confin'd.

While Nature mourns, while mourns her pupil Art

Their faint tints fading on the sick'ning sight,

In adamant chains she holds the heart,

And bounds wild Fancy's roving flight;

Her charms the more enjoy'd, the more improve,

And every look still more inflames our love.

Far, far above this lower sphere,

Where moon-crown'd Mutability presides,

Rolls the swift seasons round the various year,

And swells, or sinks the changing tides,

And bids the stream of life alternate flow,

Or calm with joy, or turbulent with woe,

The Goddess reigns—where her eternal Sire

From his own flame supplies her vestal fire,

And Immortality inwreathes her head

With laurel ever-green, and flow'rs that never fade.

ODE TO DIVINE WISDOM.

IMMENSE, all-animating Mind !
 Whose ever-active vigour reigns
 Thro' space and nature's wide domains,
 By time and matter unconfin'd ;
 Ere yet the planets hung self-pois'd in air,
 Or stars emblaz'd the flaming sphere,
 Thou reignest alone, self-known, self-blest ;
 Beholding in thy boundless breast
 The forms and fair ideas rise
 Of future earths, and future skies.

There worlds to come in liquid ether roll'd ;
 There future suns array'd in gold,
 O'er planetary realms ordain'd to sway,
 Dispens'd to nations yet unborn the day ;
 There the red comet, thro' the desert space,
 Urg'd wildly regular his blazing race.

Thou saw'st successive systems rise, and die,
 And in harmonious order lie,
 Whatever was, or is, or e'er shall be,
 All the great scenes of dread Eternity.

Thou gav'st th' omnific word—the new-born light
 Burst from the bosom of primeval night;
 O'er wond'ring Chaos glow'd the golden ray,
 And choirs celestial hail'd the rising day;
 Obsequious planets circled round their sun,
 Their motions various, but their centre one.

Striking on Nature's sympathetic strings
 From Thee, mysterious Power, from Thee
 Flow all th' unnumber'd modes of harmony,
 And Form unfolds, and beauteous Order springs.
 Angels with joy thy ruling word obey,
 And all but Man is subject to thy sway!
 He from his orbit wanders lawless still,
 And owns no lords but his eccentric will.
 When Mortals, urg'd by driving passions on,
 In chase of pleasure to their ruin run,
 Thou call'st aloud: "beware!"
 And feel'st a mother's care,
 Yearning, when on the high cliff's hanging brow,
 Her child she sees unguarded stray,

And dare the brink in wanton play,
While pointed rocks arise, and billows beat below.

In vain from thy parental voice they fly,
Where folly, trick'd in antic foppery,
Shakes her shrill bells with idiot face,
And thicken round the simp'ring Queen,
As bees, when summon'd by the sounding brass,
In dusky swarms are seen.

See Kings, and Crowds advance,
And mitred Priests, and Statesmen sage,
Green childhood run, and creep decrepid Age,
To form her gay fantastic dance ;
Join'd hand in hand, with Frolic wild,
And Laughter, Folly's darling child.
The rev'rend Sire in bridal pomp array'd,
Leads on with quiv'ring hand the youthful maid,
While am'rous roses on his wrinkles bloom ;
Totters awhile the giddy circle round,
In hobbling measure to the frantic sound,
Then trips into the tomb.

Now Fancy waves in air her magic wand ;
A thousand Phantoms rise at her command,

Gilded by false Opinion's glaring ray,
 In visionary beauty gay.
 See glory her red standard rear,
 High flaming o'er her trophied car:
 Ambition here her waxen pinion plies,
 And in idea cleaves the clouds and skies,
 On daring wing sublime she soars to fame,
 Soon—soon to fall, and give some sea a name..
 There Pleasure lolling on her roseate bed,
 Arabian odours breathing round her head,
 Darts through the thrilling soul her wanton fire ;
 And melts e'en rigid Virtue to desire.
 The glitt'ring visions stop the rising Soul,
 And bend her from the skies, her destin'd goal ;
 Eager she gives the shining shadows chase,
 Which tempt, and cheat by turns her fond embrace..

How vast the Human Soul,
 Whose heaven-descended energy aspires,
 Beyond the bounds of this sublunar pole,
 Beyond the solar road, and empyréan fires !
 Yet this sublime, immense, immortal pow'r,
 When soaring at Heaven's loftiest tow'r,
 Down, down a little glitt'ring clay
 Can draw from its ethereal way,

Or one soft flatt'ring lust
Pollute its noblest glories in the dust.

Ah, Man! what jarring parents form'd thy birth?

Thou child of Heaven and Earth!

Nature so mixt, what reason shall define!

Half brutul, half divine!

Thus fabled Demigods renown'd of yore,

Whom Mortal Beauties to Immortals bore,

By deeds of glorious fame

Prov'd the high source from whence their virtues came

While in their frailties still appeared to view,

The features of the Mortal Mother too.

Reason, that beam of Heaven, by Heaven assigned

To raise the fruits of virtue in the mind,

Received by wretched Man's perverted will,

Shines to no use—or only shines to ill.

Thus oft the Solar ray

Gilds but the muddy lake, or barren clay,

Or only warms the richer soil to breed

The plant of poison, and the worthless weed,

Or in the covert of the prickly brake

Inflames with fiercer rage the deadly snake.

The Passions sway—the tyrants of the Soul,

Deaf to advice, disdainful of control,

Break every tie, and leap o'er every bound,
 And with blind ardor rage, and madden round.
 Hence the rough tempest, hence the waves of woe,
 That whelm the world below,
 Extort the poor man's plaint, the Widow's cry,
 And draw from Misery the incessant sigh.
 The lust of Lucre and the lust of Power
 Still prowl, like wolves, to plunder, and devour,
 Or Demon's rushing from th' infernal cell,
 To make this beauteous world another Hell.

While Man thus devious strays
 In Folly's dance, or Fancy's fairy maze;
 While in the raging seas of Passion tost,
 His nobler powers are lost;
 O! to thy sacred seat,
 Celestial Wisdom! lead my wand'ring feet,
 And to my view unveil the beams, that shine
 Around thy sun-bright shrine.
 'Tis thine to form the God;
 The nectar thine, and thine th' ambrosial food,
 Which keep th' Ethereals deathless, and divine.

'Tis thine the tender infant Mind to mould,
 And spread her op'ning pow'rs,

Like vernal suns, that nurse the new blown flow'rs,
And in full glow their blushing bloom unfold.

'Tis thine her intellectual growth to feed
With sacred truth, and sentiment refin'd,
To prompt the noble ends that Heav'n design'd,
The godlike purpose, and the gen'rous deed.
When growing, ripening, on she feels at length
Her full-fledg'd pinions, and immortal strength,
By thee her rapid plumes are pois'd for flight;
Then to the source of beauty, bliss, and light,
She lifts aloft her eagle eye,
And soars, and brightens to divinity.

TO DIVINE LOVE.

HAIL Love Divine! Ere glow'd the golden sky,
Ere yet the Cherub's harp was tun'd on high,
Or flam'd the Seraph's fire—thou mad'st abode
In the blest bosom of thy Parent God.
In that great instant of Eternity,
When his dread will decreed, that time should be,
 He bound heaven, earth, and main,
In thy immense, immortal, magic chain.
Thy Spirit, breathing thro' the boundless whole,
Gave form to matter, energy to soul.
From thee thy heaven's eternal raptures flow;
And all of beauty, all of bliss below.

Yet while in sweet accordant measures move
 The planetary choirs above;
 While all to one great center draw
 Of Love, their universal law;

Shall Violence, that scorns a bound,
 Still waste this mourning world around?
 Shall rebel Vice make void the grand design,
 And wild disorder break the plan divine?

The Muses' ear what clangers wound
 Of clashing arms from far!
 From distant shores what dismal sound
 The burden'd echos bear!
 The helpless Virgin's agonizing cries,
 The Widow's shrieks that rend the skies,
 Bid Pity's tear to flow.
 At scenes of varied misery distress
 Deep sighs the sympathetic breast,
 And feels for others woe.

For mad Ambition see—with Hell combin'd;
 To crush the rights and freedom of Mankind
 In dread array she ranks her furious host.
 As when the fierce Tornado sweeps
 The Caribbean deeps,
 And strews a thousand keels along the foaming coast,
 Heaven thunders—bellows ocean—shakes the shore,
 From isle to isle resounds the loud rough roar,
 Wild desolation rushes o'er the land,
 And giant Horror strides from strand to strand.

Thus rushing onward on her clatt'ring car,
 She sounds aloud the rage-inciting song,

And leads the Fiends along.

Rapine, with harpy fangs, wide-wasting War,
 That lets her bloodhounds loose to range before,
 On human flesh to feed, and lap the gore,
 Despotic Sway, relentless as the storms,
 And ghastly Death, in all his thousand forms.
 At her approach the beams of Science fade,
 Freedom, and Honour fall, and Virtue hides her head.
 See her red banners blazing to the sky !
 Embattled legions round them bleed and die.

See, see her flaming sword display'd !

O'er the green land she waves the blade,

And o'er the silver flood ;

With horrid devastation wide

Blasts all the champain's blooming pride,

And turns the stream to blood.

How waste and desolate that fair domain,
 Where golden Plenty smil'd upon the plain,
 And Peace and Freedom held their social reign ! }
 How mute the cheering music of the groves,
 The Shepherd's whistle wild, and rustic loves,
 To his coy Damsel caroll'd without art,
 Yet warm, and guiltless from a guileless heart !

Now silent treads the Swain, with list'ning ears,
In ev'ry brake a lurking foe he fears ;

Starts the pale trembling Maid
At burnish'd lances glitt'ring in the shade !

Hark ! the loud war-whoop howls from yonder wood,
Shakes ev'ry nerve, and chills the freezing blood !
From distant villages the flames aspire,
Glare on the streams, and set the skies on fire.

Swift as the panting deer
From the keen hound, and ruthless hunter's spear,
The wretched relics of the slaughter fly,
Rushing thro' driving snow-storms, wing'd with fear,
To woods and deserts drear ;
Beneath the fury of the wintry sky,
There, houseless, shiv'ring to the frozen air,
Pine the slow prey of hunger and despair.

'Tis solitude—'tis terror all around !
Grim-visag'd Murder stalks along the ground,
And dying groans are heard, and savage yells resound !
Revenge, in woody glooms conceal'd from day,
Crouch'd like a tiger, waits the unwary prey,
Then sudden springing with his brandish'd dart
Tears from the mangled breast the quiv'ring heart.

Nor blameless Youth's fair-blooming years,
 Nor palsied age can pity find,
 Nor female grace, nor Beauty's pleading tears
 To ought of mercy melt the savage mind,
 Stern stands the dire Assassin ;—" Spare, O spare
 " That infant-innocence !" —in vain the pray'r !
 In vain the Mother's pangs, and piercing cries !
 Fixt on the bloody point it writhes, and dies !

Heav'n ! is thy vengeance then a sounding name ?
 Sleep all thy thunders ? quench'd is all thy flame ?
 Shall bold Oppression still defy
 The wrath and justice of the sky ?
 No ! there's an awful hour,
 When injur'd Innocence shall mourn no more.
 This doom Eternal Justice has decreed,
 " Proportion'd wrath to ev'ry guilty deed."

Tremble, ye Despots ! thron'd in idol state,
 Like Pagan Demons, mischievously great,
 Drunk with ambition, by no ties confin'd,
 Who turn the Furies loose to scourge mankind,
 With slaughter'd myriads load the crimson'd ground,
 And fling the brands of desolation round ;
 Who, like the Lybian sun's destructive rays,
 Rage o'er a wasted realm, and burn, where'er ye blaze !

Amid the pleasures of the genial hour,
 The glare of grandeur, and the pride of pow'r,
 Know, that th' Avenging Angel waits on high
 Th' Almighty's final frown ;
 The bolt already kindles in the sky
 To blast your blooming wreathes, and dash your glories
 down.

What tho' triumphal monuments ye raise
 To make immortal your detested praise,
 What tho' to heaven's empyreal vault aspire
 Your gilded domes with rival splendors crown'd,
 Soon, soon Destruction, with her tongue of fire
 Shall lick them from the ground.

Father of all ! whose universal care
 The greatest, meanest natures share,
 Whose goodness on an equal plan
 Regards the Seraph, and the Man,
 Whose awful fiat from primeval night
 Call'd order, beauty, life, and light,
 And matter, motion, form, and mind
 In one amazing whole combin'd,
 O ! from thy star-emblazon'd throne
 Upon a wasted world look down,
 A world, thy hand with rich abundance blest,
 And rob'd in Beauty's radiant vest !

Which when thine eye delighted view'd,
 And saw thy own ideas there,
 Sublimely great, or sweetly fair,
 Thy sov'reign word pronounc'd it *good* !

Arise at length in thy resistless might !
 Arise in Liberty's and Virtue's right !
 Silence wild Discord's loud frenetic sound,
 That shakes the world around !
 Sweep from the earth those prowling dogs of war,
 And strike the Tyrant from his trophied car !
 In her own Hell's eternal fetters bind
 Blood-stain'd Ambition, foe to human-kind !

Bid from her azure seat descend
 Sweet Charity, the general Friend,
 With gentle influence to control
 The fury-passions of the soul :
 Her warm benevolence impart,
 The gen'rous aim, the feeling heart,
 The tender sympathetic sigh,
 And the soft dews of Pity's eye.

Break Superstition's magic spell,
 And drive the gloomy Demon down
 In her own native shades to frown
 With Horror, Cruelty, and Hell ;

May Piety her rights regain,
And o'er according nations reign?
Attendant on her sov'reign state
May all the daughter Virtues wait?
May earth, and all her hundred seas,
Become one Temple of thy praise,
The glorious dwelling of thy Grace,
And Britain be its Holiest Place!

ODE TO RELIGION.

FAIREST Daughter of the sky!
 On whose majestic brow
 Divine unutterable glories glow,
 While round thy rosy lip, and placid eye,
 Love and the smiling Graces ever play,
 Temp'ring the blaze of thy eternal day—
 Religion, hail! Thou source of hallowed fires,
 Joys ever pure, and sanctified desires!

Beneath the brown-rob'd wood,
 Where contemplation sits in musing mood,
 Sooth'd by the hollow gales, and falling flood,
 What time the sun to other realms is roll'd,
 And Eve's bright tints of purple and of gold,
 Faint slowly from the western skies away,
 While Cynthia's milder face
 Shoots thro' th' unfolding clouds a silver ray,
 And o'er the landscape sheds a softer grace,

Far from the world's delusive scene I fly,
 To woo thee from thy native sphere,
 To catch the beamings of thy heaven-bright eye,
 Thou pleasing awful Fair!

There oft methinks, I hear the streams along
 The melody of thy mellifluous song,
 Whose tuneful whisperings suspend the soul,
 And ev'ry power in pleased attention lull,
 Like those high airs of a superior sphere
 Which thrill'd in Adam's fond delighted ear,
 While favour'd yet with Innocence to rove
 In Eden's blissful grove;
 List'ning, while the guardian Quire
 To sacred raptures touch'd the heavenly lyre,
 Where'er he trod entranc'd, above, around,
 He heard the solemn, sweet, ecstatic sound;
 Now the bold notes in loftier measures play'd,
 In soften'd tones now warbled thro' the shade,
 And fill'd with melody the midnight vale;
 Now languishing away
 In gradual, slow decay,
 Died on th' expiring gale.

O now be present, sky-rob'd Maid,
 In thy divinest smiles array'd!

Now let my bosom feel thy power,
 And consecrate the solemn hour,
 When freed from busy scenes, and noise,
 I seek thy soul-reviving joys !

To outward shews averse, of praises shy,
 Thou veil'st thy beauties from the public eye ;
 Thy charms the Wise in calm retirement own,
 Still lov'd, and valued more, the more they're known.
 'Tis thine secure the fickle heart to guide,
 And keep the passions still on Reason's side,
 To clear from error's mist the mental sight,
 Refine our joys and sanctify delight,
 Ease the sharp pangs of pain, our griefs assuage,
 Embellish youth, and dignify our age,
 To godlike excellence exalt mankind,
 And stamp her Maker's image on the mind.

O blest, whose soul thy vivid beauties charm,
 Thy aims ennoble, and thy raptures warm !

He tastes of bliss below,
 Which wealth could never buy, nor grandeur know.
 His is the smiling Saint's unruffled rest,
 His the pure flame that burns the Seraph's breast.
 For him meand'ring from th' eternal throne
 Heaven's ever-living rills of pleasure run :

For him she opens all her secret bowers,
Brightens her skies, and culls unfading flow'rs.

When dire Ambition calls the world to arms,
And frantic Discord sounds her loud alarms,
While swell'd from realm to realm, from shore to shore,
O'er half the globe her peals of horror roar,
And like a slumb'ring lion from his lair

Arouse the Fiend of war,
Their noise no more disturbs his tranquil joy,
Than peevish infants striving for a toy.
In vain the world's tumultuous billows roll

To shake his stedfast soul,
Which in the breast enthron'd, erect, serene,
Defies the fury of the foaming main.
Blest Genii thus, who range the fields of day,
No wrecks of matter wound—unhurt they stray
Thro' spheres of fire—and borne secure on high,
While the rude whirlwinds rush around the sky,
Hear the hoarse thunders roar without amaze,
And sport amid the living lightning's blaze.

Come then, propitious to my prayers, inspire
The godlike sentiment, the generous aim.
From thy bright altar's unextinguished fire
Dart thro' my fervid breast the heavenly flame,

To raise my powers, my passions to refine,
 'Till the dross, working by degrees away,
 Shall leave th' immortal ether pure, divine,

To rise, and mingle with its native day,
 O still thro' Life's pernicious snares,
 And wasting toils, and pining cares,
 Smooth the rough road, my griefs beguile,
 And make e'en pain and anguish smile.
 And when I tread thro' death's dread gloom,
 While Nature trembles o'er the tomb,
 Bid radiant beams of mercy rise,
 And soften my expiring sighs.

ON RETIREMENT.

FAR from the cares that vex the world's repose,
 Here on my mossy couch I rest;
 Reflection's limpid tide serenely flows,
 And no rough passions bluster in my breast.
 The vernal bloom, that purples o'er the vales,
 This flow'ring arbour fann'd by cooling gales,
 The grove's wild warblings, and the chidings shrill
 Of the rude streams, that wander at their will,
 And hill, and dale, and forest, lake, and lawn,
 And light, and shade, in sweet confusion thrown,
 Delight the soul to pensiveness inclin'd,
 And soothe to solemn thought the musing mind.

Here in these peaceful scenes,
 Daughter of God, indulgent Nature reigns,
 Divinely fair! as when her infant brows
 From the wild waves of teeming Chaos rose,

When choral Angels with a pleas'd surprize
 Hail'd the young lustre sparkling in her eyes,
 And in her radiant form, and lovely face,
 Saw their own heaven with full reflected grace,
 Here still th' ethereal Maid,
 In Beauty's sweet simplicity array'd,
 Forms her imperial crown with sylvan flow'rs,
 And for her palace weaves her woodbine bow'rs.

Or on the summit of yon mountain hoar,
 Lull'd by the cadence deep
 Of howling winds, that thro' the forest roar,
 And rumbling torrents rushing down the steep,
 She sits enthron'd—around her azure head
 Low low'ring clouds their solemn grandeur spread.
 Or now confest in full unclouded day,
 Crown'd with the splendors of the noontide ray,
 She shines in state—majestically plain,
 A pomp, which Pride would imitate in vain.

Now to the West, while glides her sinking sun,
 She culls her colours of the brightest hue,
 Contrasted, blended, varying to the view,
 And pours their mingled glories round his throne.
 While on her watery mirror we behold

Her imag'd charms in fair reflected dyes,
 Green wave the groves, in azure gleam the skies,
 And float the clouds, in fleecy volumes roll'd,
 That glow in rosy red, and flame in gold.

The Virtues, happy from within, disdain
 Those toys of empty state, that please the vain,
 To shine with Fortune on her glist'ring car,
 Trimm'd round with ribbons, blazon'd with a star ;
 Still shy their modest beauties to display
 In the full blaze of Grandeur's golden day ;
 The dread of Courts, the pestilential air,
 And fly the serpent brood, that harbour there.
 Life's low sequester'd walk delights them more,
 Rich in content, however small their store.

Vot'ries of Nature, by her murmuring rill,
 O'er her green lawns, or in her bow'ring wood,
 Down her slope vales, or up her high-brow'd hill,
 They trace in varied forms the Sov'reign Good ;
 Within their little spheres dispense
 Their beneficial influence,
 Like yonder stream, that from a source conceal'd,
 Plenty and bloom diffuses o'er the field ;
 And pleas'd with silent self-approving joy,
 Strangers to Fame and Envy live, and die.

For virtue's still the same obscure, or known,
 Hid in a cot, or blazing on a throne :
 Glad in her russet garb, and mean attire,
 The proud may scorn her, but the wise admire.
 More grand and awful in the public scene
 She acts with conscious dignity the Queen !
 In humbler life she charms with gentler pow'r,
 And, while she awes us less, she pleases more.
 While high on Lebanon's aerial brow
 The cedar's tall majestic honours grow,
 The pride, and glory of the sylvan race,
 The Lily in her lowly bed,
 That coyly bends her beauteous head,
 Has her peculiar grace.

THE COMPLAINT.

WHAT Fate or Chance combin'd
 Such various ills to vex our wretched kind,
 Among the creatures eminently curst,
 In reason, rank, and misery the first?

Ah, Life! deceitful good!

A rain-bow radiance colour'd on a cloud!
 Fair is thy dawn, and mild thy rising morn,
 Which purple beams of dewy light adorn,
 Soft-breathing Zephyrs waft thee on thy way,
 And round the Graces dance, and Pleasures play:
 But tempests soon disturb the sweet serene,
 O'ershade the skies, and sadden all the scene.
 Fond Hope deludes us still with bliss to come;
 But, ah! her blossoms perish e'en in bloom;
 Her rosy-glowing joys but gleam, and die;
 While disappointment, pain, and grief, and fear,
 Cloud the gay brow, and force the starting tear,
 And rend the tortur'd breast, and swell the sigh.

Where's then thy glory, where thy boasted pow'r!

Great Lord of all below!

Endued with finer sense to feel the more,

The dupe of Error, and the sport of Woe.

Condemn'd to doubt, to sorrow, and to pain,

Is Man then made in vain?

Did Heaven the godlike boon of Reason give

To tell him he is wretched, not relieve?

To high perfection bid his hopes aspire,

Only to pine with unappeas'd desire?

And with illusive hopes his fancy cheat,

To make his misery the more compleat?

Thus while I bade my pensive lyre complain

In a sad desponding strain,

By the tempest-beaten shore,

Where a rock's projected brow

Cast a solemn gloom below,

And the rude wave's sullen roar

To melancholy thoughts inclin'd

A care-tormented mind,

Methought my visionary Genius rose,

Severe reproof sate low'ring in his look;

Flam'd the bright glories round his awful brows,

And while he sternly spoke,

Deep thunders bellow'd thro' the blue profound,
Loud howl'd the hollow caves, and shook the shades around.

Forbear, rash Man, forbear !
While yet thy rebel head the thunders spare :
Ere yet the dread avengers of their Lord,
The lightnings hear th' irrevocable word
 To blast that impious thought,
Which dares to charge Perfection with a fault.

Go, range the stars in order more divine,
And bid the planets leave their destin'd line ;
Bid the fierce flame thy ruling hand obey,
Now hide in sullen shades, and now restore the day ;
Round ocean raise thy adamantine mound,
And tell the foaming waves—" be this your bound ;"

 The swelling storms assuage.
And bid the thunders, when to rest, or rage,
Wield Heav'n's own bolt, shake Nature with thy nod,
Then mount his throne, and dictate to thy God.

But know—behind his clouded shrine conceal'd,
In dread impenetrable darkness veil'd,
Repose the mighty Mysteries of Fate ;
There young Events their full-grown pinions wait,
'Till, by th' Eternal summon'd into light,
 They wing their downward flight,

To act his high decrees on Man below,
 To cheer with blessings, or to sink with woe.
 There Seraphs stand around with silent awe,
 Nor dare the interdicted curtain draw.

But Man, vain Man! that reptile worm of earth,
 Just from his kindred nothing crawl'd to birth,
 Blind as his brother Mole, presumes to pry
 Beyond the limits of an Angel's eye :

Borne on the waxen wings of pride

Forbidden tracts he dares explore ;

With hood-wink'd Ignorance his guide

See him towards Heaven's eternal turrets soar !

But Heaven's insuperable height

Still mocks his weary wings, and feeble flight.

This world is Virtue's School, ordain'd by Fate
 To train, and form her for a nobler state.

The couch of Ease, and Pleasure's roseate bow'rs

Retard her progress, and unnerve her pow'rs ;

But toil, and pain, and sorrow's smarting rod,

The soft allurements of the sense control,

Correct ill habits, and confirm the good,

And rouse to vivid act her slumb'ring soul.

Above these petty scenes of hopes, and fears,

Of joys, and cares, of laughter, and of tears,

They point her flight to yon empyreal plains,
 Where Bliss unmix'd, immense, immortal reigns,
 Where Glory round the patient Victor's brow
 Twines her bright wreath, and bids it ever glow.

And shall the little care and pain
 Of this short transitory scene,
 Its terrors and its toils combin'd,
 Subdue her heav'n-born energy of mind?
 No—while with glowing heart and kindling eyes .
 She views the high eternal prize,
 To which her aims aspire,
 The storms and thunders of the world in vain
 Would rage her courage to restrain,
 Her stedfast hope to tire.
 Triumphant rising to her bright abode,
 Like the Great Prophet to his God,
 She'll mount amid the whirlwind and the fire.
 Then follow Virtue—leave to Heav'n the rest—
 Submit, obey, be patient, and be blest.

PEACE OF MIND.

AN ODE.

SWEET Peace, divinely mild !

Fair Innocence's child !

With looks of rapture such as Seraphs wear,

Come, graceful in thy hand

Waving thine olive wand,

And speaking melody, that charms Despair !

Come, and my passions' busy strife control,

Breathe thy soft airs, and smooth my ruffled soul !

Here, while at Contemplation's fav'rite hour,

The meek-ey'd Eve, what time the ling'ring light

Yet glimmers o'er the sable of the night,

I feel thy soothing pow'r,

Be ev'ry blast, that shakes the rocking wood,

Howls o'er the hill, and plows the furrow'd flood,

Hush'd into rest ; let Cynthia's sober beam
 Shed o'er the calm expanse a silver gleam,
 And o'er the groves, and meads, and slumb'ring main,
 Deep solemn silence reign :
 Save let the Zephyrs breathe,
 Among the rushes whispering beneath ;
 Save let the wild notes of the rippling rill
 In melancholy music tremble still ;
 And in hoarse murmur roar, the vales around,
 The distant cataract's incessant sound.
 Thou shunn'st Ambition's proud tumultuous heart,
 Plotting to counteract some rival's art.
 From project still to project tost,
 'Till in the wild confusion lost ;
 Or tott'ring on the pinnacle of pow'r
 On Fortune's alry steep,
 While the rude storms, and thunders round him roar,
 And trembling, lest the swelling blast should sweep
 His glories to the foaming deep.

Vile Avarice, immur'd, alone,
 With midnight watches worn to bone,
 Starting at ev'ry sound he hears,
 And turning pale with fancied fears ;
 Wan Jealousy with squinting eyes,
 And list'ning ears, and louring brow,

That in each nook, and corner pries,
 Exploring, what he dreads to know ;
 And Envy, that with anguish keen
 Feels the dire vulture gnaw within ;
 Dog-ey'd Resentment's boiling breast,
 And pining Discontent, unblest
 In full fruition, ask thy aid in vain,
 For thou art still of Virtue's train.

To thee in vain the Tyrant prays,
 To give his anxious bosom ease
 Invoking sleep's averted pow'r
 On the gilt couch he lays his aching head,
 But black Suspicion haunts the midnight hour,
 And frowning Demons flit around the bed.
 Now music's tuneful charm he tries
 To close his rest-forsaken eyes,
 In all her modes of varied harmony,
 And bids the plaintive lute conspire
 With the full-resounding lyre,
 To cheer his madding mind with temper'd melody.

Borne aloft on rapture's tide,
 With sounding vigour now the numbers roll ;
 Tender tones now gently glide,
 And melt, and sooth the soften'd soul.

"Peace! peace! perturbed breast!
 "Let this sweet descant lull thee to thy rest."
 It will not be—Then strike a bolder sound,
 Let the horn's mellow note
 In air wildly float,
 And wake the shrill echos around :
 Or call the gay Graces, and laughing-eyed Pleasures
 To trip hand in hand to the pipe's merry measures..
 But, ah! each Master-hand in vain
 Raises, swells, or sinks the strain;
 All is jarring joyless din—
 To the mind untun'd within;
 Still gnawing cares, and guilty fears forbid
 Lethean dew to light upon his lid.

"Vengeance!" stern-eyed Conscience calls—
 How the sound his heart appals!
 See he starts, and stares around!
 Ghastly forms of guilt arise,
 Gory Ghost with piteous cries,
 Pointing to the bleeding wound.
 "What's that face of anguish there,
 "Pale as its surrounding shroud?
 "What that dagger, shap'd in air,
 " Crimson'd with a Brother's blood?

Wild his bursting eye-balls roll ;
 Upright stands his bristled hair ;
 Horror shakes his inmost soul,
 Keen Remorse and grim Despair,
 Again he strives his leaden eye to close,
 And care-worn nature fain wou'd seek repose ;
 " Vengeance !" the stern Tormentor howls again,
 And a new horror thrills thro' ev'ry vein.

Where then may Peace erect her stedfast throne ?
 Within the pure, the pious breast alone,
 Whose gentle passions, harmoniz'd by love,
 Are link'd to Man below, to God above :
 Spite of the boast of Luxury, and Pride,

Within that narrow round—
 And only there—her Paradise is found,
 'Tis all a waste and desert world beside.
 There smiling bands of watchful Angels wait
 To guard her tranquil bow'rs and blissful state,
 And from the hallow'd limits drive afar
 The Furies of the Soul, and busy Fiends of Care.

© blest the man ! whose aims and ardors rise
 On Faith's strong pinions soaring to the skies ;
 Yet, while conversing here with want and woe,
 Acts the good Minister of Heav'n below.

The poor resiev'd, the widow's wrongs redrest,
The darken'd mind illum'd with heav'nly day,
The sympathies, that sooth the burden'd breast,

And wipe Affliction's tear away,
These shall like fragrant incense rise,
Heav'n's sweet accepted sacrifice.
These on the friendly gen'rous mind
Will draw God's choicest blessings down ;
He'll mercy show for mercies shown,
And still be kindest to the kind.

FORTUNE AND VIRTUE CONTRASTED.

WHAT crouds with envy and amaze
 On Fortune's gilded minion wait !
 While Flatt'ry weaves her venal bays,
 To deify a Calf of State.

Thus when in high procession led along,
 Crown'd with fresh garlands 'mid the gazing throng,
 Egyptian Apis low'd,
 The shouting People hail'd the present God ;
 At night uncrown'd, ungarnish'd, and undrest,
 His laughing Priesthood saw him but a Beast !

Nor need we envy those that claim
 The favours of the fickle Dame,
 She flatters most the man she means to cheat ;
 The Wise her treach'rous presents shun,
 But Fools believe, and are undone,
 Nor know the barb beneath the shining bait.

She bids high-brow'd Ambition leave the land,
 And with propitious gales
 Drives o'er the boundless deep her swelling sails,
 Only to drown her farther from the strand.
 Yet still mistaken men admire
 Her fatal toys, and glitt'ring snares;
 For these, delirious with desire,
 They weary Heav'n with ceaseless pray'rs,
 Which he, supremely wise,
 Here grants in vengeance, there in love denies.

Fortune may bid her golden circle glow
 Majestic on the Monarch's brow,
 Trick up a witless Lord with borrow'd glare,
 And kindle on his breast a transitory star,
 Yet could her boasted splendors e'er impart
 Sense to the head, or merit to the heart;
 But modest Virtue borrows nought from state,
 Draws from herself her grandeur, and her grace,
 Illustrious, noble, great,
 Without a title, or a place.
 She scorns the gaudy toys by Monarchs given;
 Her honours are deriv'd from Heaven.

O come, propitious Goddess! deign to dwell
 Within this rural shade, and simple cell!

There in a comely choir within
 May all thy happy train be seen,
 Calm passions, cheerful Hopes, Desires refin'd,
 Friendship's warm glow, and Love to Human-kind !
 Come with thy blest associate of the skies,
 Fair Faith, with pinions ever-stretch'd to rise,
 Catching some radiance from the world to come,
 Of my declining days to gild the gloom ;
 As ev'ning suns, ere yet they sink in night,
 Streak the gay clouds with gleams of purple light !
 Here draw thy sacred circle round,
 And bless, and consecrate the ground,
 And from the hallow'd bounds exclude
 All but thy favour'd few, the Wise and Good.

Here seated on my mossy throne,
 I'd rule my mind, that kingdom of my own ;
 Or muse the murmur of the rills along
 In raptur'd thought, and build some solemn song ;
 Or borne on Contemplation's wings on high
 To the bright walls, that bound my native sky,
 Above Ambition's rage, and Folly's din,
 I'd mark from far the bustle of the Great,
 The various turns of changing Fate,
 Nor envy those that win.

Thus on the hanging cliff secure, the Swain
 Views the vext surface of the stormy main,
 And while beneath the boist'rous surges roar,
 Lash the white rocks, and foam upon the shore,
 Beholds the wave-tost bark with pitying eyes,
 With pity hears the helpless Pilot's cries:

Nor would exchange his lowly lot,
 His humble crook and rustic cot,
 To tempt th' uncertain gales and faithless tides,
 For all the glitt'ring gems and gold,
 That either India's bowels hold,
 Or Ocean's greedy bosom hides.

For gems, and gold, with all their dazzling glare,
 Can they compose the troubled breast of Care?
 Extract of keen Remorse the rankling dart;
 Ease the sharp pang, and heal the wounded heart?
 Are theirs the conscious peace, the bliss refin'd,
 That sooths, and fills, and dignifies the mind?
 The freezing wretch might genial warmth as soon
 Draw from the frigid gleamings of the moon.
 No, the Soul's sunshine, and the calm divine,
 Are, Virtue! only thine.

ODE TO NIGHT.

SUNK is the sun, and on yon mountain-head
 Hangs the last gleam of the declining day;
 Fades ev'ry landscape—deepens ev'ry shade;
 The clouds, late golden, now are rob'd in gray.

And thine is now the rule, Imperial Night!
 All mildly sitt'st thou on thy shadowy throne;
 While Superstition, seiz'd with self-affright,
 Throws o'er thy brows a horror all her own.

Now to her monster-breeding brain appear
 Visions of woe, and hideous forms of fear,
 And signs, and portents, boding ills to come;
 And flame-ey'd Goblins gliding o'er the green,
 And murder'd Ghosts with bleeding wounds are seen,
 And screech-owls heard, that tell her of the tomb.

But musing Wisdom seeks thy friendly shade,
 To her more grateful than the glare of noon.
 She loves thy sober solemn charms arrayed
 With the pale glories of the pensive Moon.

Fatigu'd with pleasures, or with cares oppress,
 Tir'd of the Proud, the Viscious, and the Vain.
 How joys my Soul, when wheel'd beneath the west
 Sinks the gay sun, and hails the gentler reign!

Impertinence's buz, and busy wings,
 Envy's loud hiss, and sly Detraction's stings,
 The taunts of insolence, the Wretch's woes,
 The stir and strife of Fortune and her tools,
 The roar of Riot, and the laugh of Fools,
 No longer interrupt her lov'd repose.

Then Wisdom clears her intellectual eyes,
 And elevates her aims to things Divine,
 Bids all the choir of Mental Graces rise,
 Bids all the charms of Moral Beauty shine.

Silent are now the groves; no slyvan throat
 Tunes its wild descant, but the hoot I hear
 Of the lone owl, tho' no melodious note,
 Yet pleasing still to Contemplation's ear.

The stars bright-sparkling o'er th' ethereal way,
 The moon's mild gleams, that ever quivering play
 On the light rills, that warble, as the wind,
 Gales hollow-roaring, hoarse resounding woods,
 Rude hanging rocks, dread shades, and dashing floods,
 Exalt, and sooth, and harmonize the mind.

Then every rude emotion sinks to rest,
 In gentler flow the tides of passion roll,
 A solemn calm steals o'er the soften'd breast,
 And philosophic transport swells the soul.

O'er Nature's ample field her fancy strays,
 Thence her rich store of form, and colour brings,
 With curious art combined a thousand ways,
 And paints her beauteous images of things.

Now wantons wild in aromatic groves,
 Now the lone heath, and howling forest roves,
 Pensive, and list'ning to the sighs of woe ;
 Now sits sublime on Alpine heights enthron'd,
 'Mid the red blaze of lightnings flashing round,
 And hears redoubled thunders roll below.

Now Horror's shade she seeks, and central cave,
 Her ghastly visaged Ghosts, and floods of fire,
 Now joys in empyrean light to lave,
 And catch new rapture from the Seraph's lyre.

Then welcome Night ! thou awful pleasing Fair !
 While the Moon seems along the clouds to sail,
 Which round her throne like fleecy flakes appear,
 And now half hide her radiance, now reveal.

Pride wants the sun her plumage to display,
 A Soul sublime from no material ray
 Draws her rich splendors, or imbibes her joy ;
 Reason's clear beam, and Virtue's flame divine
 Shall with their own eternal glories shine,
 When worlds and suns in endless darkness die.

And thou, Great Father ! guard my sleeping hours,
 Bid the wild war of striving passions cease,
 Compose in pleasing harmony my pow'rs,
 And o'er my throbbing bosom breathe thy peace.

Thrice happy Souls, who thy protection share !
 Virtue in thy paternal arms at rest
 Securely lies, as stranger yet to fear
 The suckling slumbers on its mother's breast.

Spirits, that hurl the thunders down the sky,
Or drive the chariot of the storms on high,
 And shake o'er trembling Guilt the fiery rod,
Oft bid their vengeful rage the Pious spare;
E'en flames amid the gen'ral wreck revere,
 And pass untouch'd, those Temples of their God.

THE FALL OF ZION.

A LYRIC POEM.

- " It comes—it comes—the mighty day !
 " The mighty day of wrath and woe !
 " Slaughter, Havock, speed their way !
 " Yawns the gulph of Hell below !
 " 'Tis past—the just—the dread decree !
 " Zion ! wide it yawns for Thee !
 " Soon among the Giant Dead,*
 " Whom ten-fold chains of darkness hold,

* The Jews seem to have had a notion, that the Rephaim, or Giants, men of great stature and strength, who filled the earth with violence before the flood, and were overwhelmed in that general destruction, were imprisoned in Sheol in chains of darkness, reserved to the judgment. To which may allude Job, c. xxvi. 4. Gr. version, and Chald. which seems to be more proper than our own, which indeed is not very intelligible. The other versions also agree with the Greek : Vulg. " ecce gigantes gemunt."

" By the wild wave whelm'd of old,
 " Low must lie thy haughty head.
 " What scenes of horror open on my eye !
 " I see the spear of Vengeance pois'd on high,
 " With the red lightning wing'd—her crest of fire,
 " Her sword with anguish edg'd—her arrows tipt with
 ire."

" Dost thou, still blazing in imperial pride,
 " On pomp's refulgent car sublimely ride,
 " Stop to the widow's plaint the obdurate ear,
 " And mock the moaning orphan's tear;
 " Or laugh at ease in joy's luxuriant bow'r,
 " While the brisk viol cheers the festal hour;
 " Or drain from bowls of gold the sparkling wine,
 " The boast of Lebanon's, or Helbon's vine;
 " Or on the downy Tyrian bed,
 " Sabeian odours breathing round thy head,
 " Give thy warm wishes loose to wanton love ?
 " Know, tho' thy daring thoughts despise
 " The Sage's voice, the Prophet's cries,
 " There's thunder, and a God above."

'Twas thus, by Salem's hallow'd side,
 In plaintive Notes a Prophet sung,
 Where Kedron's gloomy waters lingering glide
 Thro' the deep dale with shaggy shades o'erhung.

Oft turn'd with sad presage his streaming eyes,
 Where the famed Temple's awful domes appear,
 High o'er the steep diffuse a golden glare,
 And swell their rival grandeur to the skies.
 His brethren round, opprest with equal fears,
 Catch from each other's eyes contagious tears..

Long in deep silence sigh'd the pensive band,
 'Till with new rapture touch'd, the sacréd Sire,
 Starting, with a hasty hand,
 Snatch'd again the sounding lyre.
 Then, fill'd with all the God,
 Thro' ev'ry vein diviner ardour glow'd ;
 Roll'd his fierce eye-balls, swell'd his heaving breast,
 By th' ecstatic pow'r opprest ;
 His fingers then with careless air he flings
 Across the golden strings,
 And bids in varied mode the measures flow,
 Now rapid, loud and wild, now solemn, soft and slow.

“ Hark ! it is the clarion's sound !
 “ Float on the hollow gales the shrill alarms ;
 “ The hills, the yales, the rocks rebellow round
 “ To arms ! to arms ! to arms !
 “ Loud, and more loud the swelling clangors rise,
 “ Shake the wide earth, and thunder to the skies.

- " The Nations tremble, as they hear;
 " Ev'ry face is pale with fear;
 " The Mother starts, with boding thoughts distrest,
 " Yearns o'er her babe, and strains it to her breast.

 " Where Babel, tow'ring to imperial sway,
 " Lifts her proud glories to the gaze of day,
 " And old Euphrates laves her willow side,
 " I see Heav'n's Angel stand,
 " Th' avenging Angel—in his red right hand
 " He waves his burning brand,
 " With fierce reflection gleaming on the tide.
 " He mounts his scythed wain;
 " He calls his dreadful train
 " To feast on human food;
 " Ambition, Discord, Famine, and wild War,
 " Rage, Desolation, Death, attend the car,
 " Rushing o'er slaughter'd heaps, and bath'd in blood.

 " See from the North a sudden brightness beam!
 " O'er yonder hills the spreading lustres stream,
 " Like meteors gleaming round the mountain brow,
 " Then flashing down the vale below.
 " Now steeds and men I see, a shining train!
 " And brazen chariots lightning o'er the plain.

" On moves the host in firm, and dread array,
 " Their polish'd bucklers burn against the day,
 " And round their helms the dazzling splendors play. }
 " Amid their ranks Hell's horrid Forms appear,
 " Frown in the front, and ravage in the rear.
 " Behind like clouds the birds of ravine fly,
 " Prescient of blood, and blacken all the sky.
 " High waving o'er their heads, Jehovah's sword
 " Of living flame, portending vengeance near,
 " Th' awaken'd vengeance of its injur'd Lord,
 " Like a red comet kindles half the sphere.

" Zion! now for wrath prepare!
 " Speak the signs of earth and air.
 " See the sun his golden light
 " Veil in shades of sudden night!
 " Peals tremendous howl on high;
 " All the concave seems on fire;
 " Flashing armies in the sky
 " Now encounter, now retire;
 " Meteors red with flaming hair
 " Thro' the glowing ether glare;
 " Panic terrors stalk below;
 " Hark! a voice denouncing woe,

" Thro' the Temple's vaulted round

" Sends a shrill and solemn sound ;

" Depart," it cries, " Depart !"

" And strikes with chill amaze the bravest heart."

There ceas'd awhile the Sire—his pow'rs oppress'd,
Exhausted, ask'd an interval of rest.

A solemn pause ensu'd ;

Around in dread suspense his audience stood ;

'Till rous'd again with fresh prophetic fire,
New strains of horror trembled on the lyre.

" 'Tis come—the mighty day ! how awful low'rs

" Its murky morn ! the works of death begin !

" Without, the flame—without, the sword devours,

" And famine wastes within.

" Ah ! what a groan was there,

" As bursting from the bosom of Despair !

" See o'er her famish'd babe the Mother hang !

" Maternal fondness adding edge to woe,

" Keen as her childbed's agonizing throe.

" But, oh ! my chill'd blood shudders at the sight—

" Resistless hunger gives a fiercer pang.

" Mother, forbear !—Sun, hide thy trembling light !

" Blot out the deed accurst, Eternal Night !

- " What new clangors strike my ear !
 " 'Tis the clash of arms I hear ;
 " Loud th' avenging Angel calls ;
 " See the battle bend its course,
 " Like the mountain-torrent's force,
 " To Salem's broken walls !
 " Th' avenging Angel leads the foremost band,
 " Fires ev'ry heart, and strengthens ev'ry hand ;
 " His streaming banner casts a crimson blaze,
 " And streaks the sable clouds with sanguine rays ;
 " O'er Zion's trembling hill he waves it high,
 " Heaven's thunder in his voice, and lightning in his eye.
 " Before his steps a thousand terrors stride,
 " And gory Death grins ghastly by his side.
 " Now with victorious pow'rs
 " They scale her conquer'd tow'rs ;
 " The din of battle rends the air ;
 " Shouts of triumph—woful cries
 " Echo to the midnight skies,
 " And shrilling shrieks of wild despair.
 " I see—I see this doleful flood
 " Rolling red with native blood ;
 " I see th' expiring Father purpled o'er
 " With his slaughter'd Children's gore !

" Behold the wedded Virgin's charms
 " Snatch'd from her bleeding Bridegroom's arms,
 " Her fond name lisping with his last sad breath,
 " And clasping in the pangs of Death !"

" See the sweet Babe upon its murd'rer smile,
 " And stop his horrid rage awhile ;
 " Then on the groundsil dash'd it dies,
 " Before its frantic Mother's eyes.
 " In the dread silence of despair
 " The Mother stands, as turn'd to stone,
 " Then looks to Heav'n a piercing pray'r,
 " To call th' avenging thunder down,
 " And fainting, falling on the mangled clay,
 " Kisses the pale cold lips, and sighs her soul away.

" House of my God ! I see th' unpitying fire
 " High o'er thy venerable domes aspire,
 " Resistless rolls the flaming deluge on,
 " Totter thy cracking tow'rs, and dash with clangor down.
 " Thy courts of peace are fill'd with loud alarms,
 " Dying shrieks, and clashing arms,
 " Thy sacred floors with slaughter'd Prophets strew'd,
 " And e'en thy mercy-seat, that awful shrine
 " Of Majesty Divine,
 " With priestly gore imbru'd.

" Joy of the earth ! where is thy beauty now ?
 " Where the proud grace that crown'd thy beamy brow,
 " And state imperial ? sorrowing I behold
 " Turret on turret roll'd,
 " And dome on dome in wild confusion hurl'd,
 " Like the vast wreck and relics of a world.
 " O name for ever dear ;
 " With sighs remember'd, utter'd with a tear,
 " Fall'n art thou Salem ! mingled with the dust !
 " Like some bright star thrown blazing from the skies.
 " One undistinguish'd heap thy grandeur lies,
 " Yet in ruin still august !

 " In palaces of Mighty Men
 " The lurking Chical makes her secret den ;
 " In the Temple's hallow'd walks
 " The strutting Ostrich stalks ;
 " There gorg'd with blood the rav'ning Vulture hies,
 " There to her mate the screaming Night-bird cries ;
 " The hissing Serpent haunts the dread abode,
 " Whose trembling walls rever'd th' indwelling God.
 " There the grim Lions thirst for human gore ;
 " And heard at distance by the shudd'ring swain
 " 'Cross the drear horrors of the desert plain,
 " Amid the hollow howling ruins roar."

There paus'd the Prophet's song—
The list'ning throng,
Like statues fixed, in mute amazement stood,
And anguish wrung the heart, and horror chill'd the blood.
Proud Salem bows—her conscious turrets quake;
The deep foundations of the Temple shake;
Above their banks th' affrighted waters flow;
Blue flames athwart the flashing ether glow;
Hoarse peals in loud redoubled roll resound,
Roar the re-echoing caverns—rocks the ground—
Nod the high mountain tops, and tremble all round. }

INVOCATION TO MELANCHOLY.

O MELANCHOLY! sad and solemn Maid!
 Dost thou thro' the glimm'ring glade,
 Beneath the Moon's pale ray,
 With many a slow step stray,
 Far from the soothing voice of kind relief,
 To feed on thoughts of woe,
 And tell the gliding waters as they flow,
 Thy oft repeated grief:
 And still, where'er thy weary wand'rings lead,
 Dread Horror stalks behind,
 With deeper, hoarser thunder howls the wind,
 And Night's grim features cast a death-like shade!

Or dost thou on the margin of the main,
 In melting notes complain,
 Beneath some craggy cliff's impending brow,

Which thickets hoar, or hanging woods embrown,
 Whose shades tremendous frown
 O'er the foaming gulph below,
 Lull'd by the loud tumultuous waves, that swell,
 And beat, and break upon the bellowing shore,
 While hid within her hollow-sounding cell
 Hoarse Echo murmurs to the rough wave's roar?

Or in some desert fly the face of Men,
 List'ning to the raven's croak,
 From the mossy-fringed oak,
 In some Cimmerian den;
 Conversing there
 With gloomy-fronted Care,
 And sullen silence, and pale-cheek'd Affright,
 Twin daughters of dun Night,
 And wild Despair,
 Stretch'd naked on the bare and rugged rocks,
 Rending her tatter'd locks?

Or in the haunted isle
 Of some time-eaten temple's gothic pile,
 Whose spreading arches a dread rev'rence draw,
 And gloomy cloisters breathe mysterious awe,
 Where a dim dying taper's glimm'ring light
 Throws a new horror o'er the frown of night,

Wetting with tears the stones,
 Mak'st thou thy doleful moans,
 Fixt o'er thy Lover's tomb,
 And thro' the vault, while pealing echos sound,
 Starting all pale, and staring ghastly round,
 Hear'st thou some Spirit say—" come, Mortal ! come ?

Where'er thy wonted haunts, disorder'd Fair !
 Come with thy braidless hair,
 And sorrow-wrinkled brow,
 And deep heart-rending sighs,
 And downward looks, and fixt pathetic eyes,
 And tears that ever flow !
 O'er the rude rocks, and thro' the shadowy grove
 Come, pensive Pilgrim ! rove
 Companion of my woe !
 When at her summit Night's majestic Queen,
 While low'ring vapours shroud her awful face,
 With twinkling stars, like radiant gems between,
 With sullen ling'ring pace
 Rides on her ebon chariot raven-drawn ;
 While Visions dread that sleep assail,
 And panic Fears, and Spectres pale,
 Attend her rolling throne.

O'er the black skies, and heaving seas, and land,

Sleep waves her opiate wand ;

Now sinks to slumber, Nature's wearied head ;

'Tis silence all—silence how deep ! how dread !

Save where the tinkling rill

Its solitary murmur rolls,

And from the tower, that crowns yon hanging hill,

The shrill bell tolls.

Save where bleak Eurus' howling blasts resound

Thro' the lone vales, and roaring woods around,

Then steals a still and solemn pause between—

Then roar the hollow woods, and howls the blast again.

But how by slow degrees

The struggling moon unveils her silver beam,

Which trembling thro' the rocking trees,

Darts a faint and quiv'ring gleam ;

While some enamour'd Swain,

Heart-wounded by the coy disdain

Of his relentless Fair,

Wand'ring thro' mazy wilds in woful plight,

Chaunts his quaint ditty to the chilling air,

And oft invokes her pale and pensive light.

All the long night he tells his plaintive tale.

Along the list'ning vale,

To ev'ry vagrant rill,
 To ev'ry bending hill,
 And bids the hollow gales in pity bear
 His swelling sighs to Her.
 Thee beautiful—thee cold—thee scornful Maid !
 Thee mourns his musical, his melting lay,
 Thee at the closing shade,
 And thee at dawning day.
 Yet tho' severe his fate, severe his pains.
 Still cheering hope remains;
 But I've no cheering hope to sooth my care,
 My doom is all despair:
 My love, my life, my pleasure, and my pride,
 With dear Amira died.

And are those cheeks now pale and livid, where
 In native colours blush'd the Cherub's glow?
 Still heighten'd when she heard with maiden air,
 And half-averted eyes, my gentle vow.
 And must those eyes serene,
 Where all the soul was seen;
 Still with Pity's softest languish,
 Melting at the sight of anguish,
 Clos'd—ever clos'd—their lovely lustre lost,
 Droop in the tomb, and moulder in the dust !

Farewell:—whom not young Hebe's roseate bloom,
 Nor beauty's brightest ray, nor sense refin'd,
 Nor winning grace, nor dignity of mind,
 Nor Goodness self, could rescue from the tomb !
 Farewell—whom not a Mother's frantic woe—
 Whom not a Lover's pleading pangs could save !
 Ah, Death ! to human bliss determin'd foe !
 Ah, foe to human glory, ruthless grave !

Now by the stream in yonder grove
 Indulging pensive thought I rove,
 Where, on the music of her tongue
 So oft my charm'd attention hung ;
 There fancy-rapt I seem to hear
 Her tuneful voice's soothing sound,
 Trembling in my delighted ear,
 Then start as from a trance profound,
 And sigh to think its music o'er,
 That tuneful voice must charm no more,
 I trace the path she lov'd to walk,
 I press the bank where late she lay ;
 There to her dear idea talk,
 And teach it tender things to say.

Now on her pictur'd form I feed my eye ;
 Those charms, to memory for ever dear,

I wet with many a tear,
 And ever gaze, and ever sigh;
 Such the soft languish—such the magic air,
 Such—such the beamy smile, that sweetly stole
 My soft dissolving soul,
 So hung with graceful ease her waving hair!
 But see! what sudden gloom o'erwhelms the wood!
 Thick shades the Moon o'erspread,
 And hide her silver head;
 Thro' the wan cloud she seems to blush in blood.
 The swelling tempest blackens round the pole,
 And quench'd is every star's ethereal light;
 So tost by tumults is my troubled soul,
 Wild as the tempest, gloomy as the night!

But vain complaint, and unavailing grief:
 Come, Resignation! lend thy mild relief!
 O bend to Heaven my will!
 Calm ev'ry passion, ev'ry murmur still!
 And thou, blest Saint! new tenant of the sky?
 Regard my pain with Pity's tenderest eye!
 Nor blame, now passion-free, my fond regret—
 Patient I'd be—but how can I forget?

For ever fair to Fancy's eyes
 Still will thy dear Idea rise;

On thee the melting thought will dwell,
And muse—what tongue can never tell !
The starting tear, the swelling sigh,
Thy love—thy loss—must still deplore,
'Till ev'ry source of sorrow's dry,
And this sad heart shall heave no more.

ODE TO WISDOM.

GENIUS of Wisdom! lead me to thy shades,
 And while along thy groves and glimm'ring glades
 Roving I court the sacred Muse—be there

No busy-thoughted care ;

Nor let Folly intervene

To profane the solemn scene ;

But Contemplation, sweet sequester'd maid !

Come thou with silent tread,

Now pacing soft and slow,

Now fixt in thought profound,

Half-clos'd thy mild eye bending to the ground,

While in thy breast celestial ardors glow,

My steps attend these murm'ring rills along,

And sooth my mind, and harmonize my song.

How blest the Man, who, foe to Folly flies

The noisy world, to seek thy serious joys,

And haunts the sylvan glooms in musing mood
 To learn that noblest Science—" *to be good !*"
 There marks in Nature's thousand forms combin'd
 The varied force of animating Mind ;

Soft in the summer gale,
 Whose fanning pinions cool the sultry vale ;
 Sweet in the vernal bloom,
 Which breathes o'er Maia's brows the fresh perfume ;
 Fair in each op'ning flow'r
 'Broid'ring the lawn, or blushing on the bow'r ;
 Fair in the tints that make the morning gay,
 Gild the gray skies, and redden into day :

Majestic in the setting sun,
 While golden clouds flame round his fiery throne ;
 Majestic on yon azure plain,
 While sparkling stars emblaze the wintry sky :
 Terrific in the howling main,
 When down th' ethereal hills the tempests fly,
 Heave the huge billows thund'ring o'er the land,
 Roar the resounding rocks, and trembles the rough strand.

What tho' in seeming solitude he roves
 Along the lonely groves,
 Angelic Pow'rs attend, where e'er he strays,
 Assist his musings, and inspire his praise.

Oft does the secret Deity descend
 To visit there his mortal Friend,
 To heal the bleeding wounds of woe,
 The throbbing passions to appease,
 Refine his thoughts from vulgar cares below,
 And to the skies his flaming fancy raise.
 Then thrills the Soul with sacred ecstasy,
 Conscious of th' Immortal Guest,
 She feels her force and native dignity,
 Ardent for glory, panting to be blest.

Hence then ye gaudy train
 Of busy idle Images, away!
 Fancy's wild offspring, fleeting, false, and vain,
 That in the vacant brain of Folly play!
 On whose light plumes a thousand colours glow,
 All by their Mother's magic hand pourtray'd,
 Like the gay tints, that paint the rainy bow,
 That shine awhile, and fade.

Bid Truth arise confest,
 In all her pure unborrow'd graces drest,
 Darting full radiance o'er my ravish'd soul!
 Let each idea there
 Her lov'd resemblance wear,
 Enlarg'd, sublime, and rapt beyond the pole.

O thou, by prying Sages sought
 Thro' all the tangled maze of thought,
 Dispel the clouds, whose envious night
 Conceal thy beauties from my sight;
 Beauties denied to vulgar view,
 Reserv'd to bless a favour'd few!
 Beneath thy banners I'd enlist my name,
 Thy laws I'd own, thy hallow'd badge I'd bear,
 No fool of fashion, and no slave to shame,
 Unwarp'd by prejudice, unaw'd by fear.

Be thou too present, Virtue, heavenly Fair!
 Exalt my soul, and sanctify her frame;
 O mark thy own immortal graces there,
 And feed her native flame;
 For tho' its sparks involv'd in matter lie
 Languid awhile, and ready to expire,
 Thy breath can fan them to a glorious fire,
 And mount them blazing to their kindred sky.
 But sordid Vice absorbs the sacred ray,
 Draws off the purer spirit of the Mind;
 Th' ethereal essence wastes at length away,
 And leaves the dross behind;
 Or choak'd, obscur'd, while grosser dregs o'erpower,
 Expands and shines no more:
 Like some degraded Sun,

Of some fair system late the ruling soul,
 That round the glories of his central throne
 Saw tributary planets roll,
 But now from empire fallen, his active light
 Consum'd or quench'd in everlasting night.

And Thou, among the heavenly quire
 Glowing with a Seraph's fire,
 Who feel'st the sweetest, noblest passions move,
 When hymning Angels tune the golden lyre
 To songs of joy, and sounds of sacred love ;
 Or when at awful distance they survey
 The living splendors as they play
 Round the dread shrine of Him, no eye can see,
 And, while the unutterable glories blaze,
 All is rapture and amaze;
 And thrilling trembling ecstasy——
 Devotion ! daughter of the sphere !
 With heaven-erected eye be near,
 And make my breast thy favour'd residence;
 Propitious there dispense
 The love sublime, the sacred energy,
 Which kindling thro' the Brethren of the sky,
 Illume their smiles; their melody inspire,
 Exalt their raptures, and inflame their fire.

Then ev'ry passion, ev'ry power,
In pleasing union shall adore.
And all the motions of my Soul
In sweet harmonious order roll.

THE FOLLY OF DISCONTENT.

ADDRESSED TO A FRIEND.

SOME visionary bliss in view,
In gaudy rain bow colours gay,
We urge the chase, but fast as we pursue,
The Phantom flies, or fades in air away.
To wild desire we give the loosen'd rein,
And tire the limbs, and lash the mind;
Then mourn our thought and labour vain;
We grasp the wave, and hunt the wind.
E'en of our darling wish possess,
New cravings rise, and banish rest;
From bliss as distant as before,
'Tis something else—'tis something more.

Still, tow'ring hopes arise,
O'er which our fond ideas climb the skies;

As some tall mountain seems its head to rear,
 O'er-top the clouds, and shoot into the sphere;
 But spent with toil when we the summit gain,
 We find unmeasur'd distance still remain.

What boots it, Friend! to run
 To other climes beneath an other sun?
 Why leave your better wealth—your ease,
 Your Friends, and social heart behind,
 To trust your safety to the seas,
 The sport of ev'ry tyrant wind?
 Trembling to view the boiling gulph below,
 When, brooding mischief in the black'ning sky,
 The Demon of the tempest scowls on high;
 Then bids amain the blast of horror blow;
 While Danger, cloth'd in all her dreadful forms,
 Rides on the pinions of the storms;
 Foams on the summit of the mountain wave;
 Tremendous flashes in the lightning's ray,
 In the deep thunder's roll appalls the brave,
 And calls grim Death aloud to hasten to the prey?

Go! spread thy canvas to the spicy gales;
 Breathe aromatic air in Indian vales;
 On Persia's coast the lucid pearl explore;
 Or dig for blazing gems, and golden ore:

Go ! wander where you will—yet there
 You'll find the winged harpy Care ;
 She lurks within the golden mine, and roves
 Among the sweet perfumes of Indian groves.
 The farther still you stray,
 The farther from content declines the way ;
 Nor can Arabia's bleeding forest find
 A balm to heal the sickness of the Mind.

Then cease abroad to roam,
 Furl the white sail, and seek your bliss at home.
 You'll find it in your Emma's eyes,
 Where innocence and beauty dwell ;
 Upon her heaving breast it lies,
 When they with warm affection swell ;
 When with a tender sympathy they share
 Alike your pleasure, or your care.
 You'll find it in the native smiles,
 The lovely looks, and wanton wiles,
 Of your rosy Girls and Boys,
 When fondly clinging round your knee,
 Their playful innocence you see,
 And taste a Parent's sweet peculiar joys..

Enough indulgent Heav'n has lent ;
 What's wanting more to give content ?

Wisdom to prize, and virtue to enjoy,
And Heav'n's beneficence like Heav'n employ;
You need not then o'er lands and seas pursue;
The rover Bliss would come uncall'd to you.

Celestial Wisdom, on her azure sphere,
To whom the welfare of Mankind is dear,
Still sounds with Reason's voice to all below
This solemn strain, "be virtuous and be blest."
But Man—fool Man! his own perfidious foe,
Fosters a hungry vulture in his breast;
Insatiate wild Desire, that bird of prey,
Feeds on the tortur'd thought, and gnaws the soul away..

ELEGY

ON

THE DEATH OF A YOUNG LADY.

TALK not of bliss below—Look round the Ball !
'Tis false, and vain—'tis fading, fleeting all !
Lull'd in Security's illusive sleep,
We dream of pleasures, and then wake to weep.
Yet new delusions charm the cheated breast,
And Hope persuades us, we may still be blest :
In fair succession to our eager eyes,
She bids Elysian scenes of beauty rise,
By Fancy robed in glaring colours gay,
Serene, and beaming with unclouded day ;
But, foe to ev'ry joy of Human-kind,
Pale disappointment stalks conceal'd behind,
O'er the bright scene she casts a sudden gloom,
Fade all its glories—withers all its bloom ;

The frighten'd Pleasures fly—Succeeds the train
Of Care, and pining Grief, and agonizing Pain.

Yes ! they are fled—with fair Amanda fled !
Lost in the dreary mansions of the Dead !
O blest with all that could delight or move,
Whose soul was sweetness, and whose looks were love !
With all that's noble, all that's tender fraught,
The woman's softness, and the Sage's thought,
The Saint's humility, the Hero's fire,
Beauty that rais'd, and awe that quench'd desire ;
Hate, anger, envy, were to her unknown ;
She prais'd all worth, unconscious of her own.
Such was the form of Piety she wore,
As Saints enraptur'd in their heav'n adore ;
Sublime to strike, and pleasing to engage,
Strict without rigour, zealous without rage ;
Source of each gen'rous aim, each thought refin'd,
And warm with love to God, and Human-kind :
Were all her listed Votaries like her,
Villains would blush, and Infidels revere.
Ah ! thou hadst liv'd—could Virtue Death disarm,
Could sweetness soften, or could beauty charm !
In vain thy Parents saw with kindling eyes
Fair and more fair thy growing graces rise :

Just as thy charms revealed their blushing bloom,
 Just as thy virtues shed their full perfume,
 Touch'd by some blighting wind, or blasting ray,
 Shrunk the gay flow'r, and droop'd, and died away !
 And what remains—but unavailing woe,
 Sighs that still heave, and tears that ever flow,
 And fond remembrance, that augments the smart,
 And all the thousand pangs that rend a Parent's heart !

O Resignation ! Faith's soft, soothing Child !
 Come with thy words—thy looks—divinely mild !
 Woe's wild emotions lull to gentle rest ;
 Pour holy balm into the bleeding breast ;
 Be ev'ry passion, ev'ry murmur still,
 And bend the struggling soul to Heav'n's high will.

Ye thoughtless Youth ! ye flaunting flutt'ring Fair !
 One moment from the chase of pleasure spare.
 Ye that with Vanity's light baubles play,
 And trip secure in Folly's flow'ry way,
 Think how precarious is your boasted bloom !
 E'en while you laugh, you totter o'er the tomb.
 Soon from the cheek may fade the rosy dye,
 The lip love-whisp'ring wan and silent lie ;
 Cold the warm breast, that beat with gay desire,
 And quench'd the sparkling eye's ethereal fire.

Heav'n-born Religion ! thine alone's the pow'r
 With cheering ray to gild the gloomy hour,
 Soften the sigh, perfume the parting breath,
 And triumph in disease, and smile in death.

No sweeter accents Poet ever sung
 Than those that flow'd from her dear dying tongue ;
 It seem'd a sudden inspiration giv'n ;
 O then she talk'd, she look'd, she breath'd of heav'n !
 And, in full prospect of the realms of light,
 Seem'd half an Angel, e'er she wing'd her flight !

Now from her radiant bow'r she looks below
 On these sad scenes of vanity, and woe ;
 As the tir'd storm-vex'd Sailor, safe on land,
 Eyes the rough ocean from the tranquil strand,
 And while the foaming billows beat the shore,
 Enjoys the danger that he fear'd before.

Blest Saint ! to memory for ever dear !
 What rightful honours shall adorn thy bier ?
 What last sad gift shall Friendship's hand bestow ?
 Not the stiff pageantry of pompous woe ;
 The stately marble, or the mimic bust ;
 Vain arts of Pride to dignify the dust !

No—ever-lov'd, rever'd, lamented Maid!
 Be to thy worth a nobler tribute paid,
 Of ev'ry virtuous breast the gen'rous sigh,
 The tender tear of ev'ry melting eye!
 To thy cold grave let weeping Virgins come,
 And strew with transitory flow'rs the tomb,
 Faint emblems of thy fair, but, ah! too fading bloom! }
 With pensive look peruse the letter'd stone,
 And from thy virtues learn to form their own;
 Inspir'd by thy example, aim to be
 Meek, pious, wise, benevolent like Thee!

ELEGY

ON THE

DEATH OF MRS. S.—

(Mrs. S.—'s Spirit is supposed to speak)

WHY throbs the heart with unavailing woe?
 Why do those tears of fruitless Sorrow flow?
 Ah! check the soft emotion—cease the sigh!
 Would too fond friendship call me from the sky?
 Unfetter'd from the flesh, enlarg'd, refin'd,
 Here with full freedom roves the raptur'd Mind,
 Of kindred Spirits joins the friendly quire,
 Glows with their warmth, and breathes their pure desire;
 Here endless rills of sacred pleasure roll;
 All-perfect Beauty charms th'ecstatic soul,
 And living splendors from th' eternal throne,
 Pour the full tide of bliss and glory down.
 Say, would you wish me, lost to joys like these,
 In a frail body tortured by disease,

Where Death and Nature held perpetual strife,
 To drag along the tedious load of life !
 Nor think too soon my little race was run,
 The end's accomplish'd, since the prize is won.

Now freed from earthly vanities and cares,
 Escap'd a thousand ills, a thousand snares,
 Rejoic'd to find Life's weary voyage o'er,
 Compleat my transport, can I wish for more?
 Yes—one fond thought—Upon this blissful plain,
 Their duty done, to meet my Friends again !
 To see them shine in Angel glories drest,
 And hail their safe arrival to their rest.
 Where love again our longing souls shall join,
 Love pure, exalted, deathless, and divine?
 The shipwreck'd Sailor thus, when safe on shore,
 Fears the rough rocks and raging surge no more ;
 Yet mindful of his mates he left behind,
 Still tost and struggling with the waves and wind,
 With looks of pity, eyes them from the strand,
 And longs to hail them welcome to the land.

Tho' in the tomb our earthly passions lie,
 The flames of virtuous friendship never die,
 But in the happy realms of love and light
 With keener ardor burn, and shine more bright.

Soft Pity dwells in ev'ry heavenly breast,
And moves the melting heart, nor violates their rest.
With sweet dissolving tenderness, e'en here,
I see the husband's, Parent's, Sister's tear !
Those smiling infants, late my darling care,
Thrill thro' my soul, and wake the Mother there.
O may propitious Heaven their steps attend,
His wisdom guide them, and his grace defend !
May sphere-born Piety their breasts inspire,
Fill with her joys, and warm with all her fire,
'Till pleas'd I see their ripen'd virtues rise
To join th' eternal rapture in the skies !

ON THE DEATH

OF AN

AMIALE CHILD.

ADIEU ! thou short-liv'd charm adieu ?
 Just shown, and ravish'd from our view !
 A thousand hopes—thy Parents' pride
 And fondest wishes with thee died.
 Ye Graces ! on her turfy bed
 Your blushing show'r of roses shed,
 Emblems of beauty's fading bloom !
 Ye Zephyrs ! from your rosy wing
 Shake the fresh fragrance of the spring,
 And waft your odours round the tomb !
 Ye young-ey'd Angels ! guard her dust, for there
 Lies all that's soft, and sweet, and innocent, and fair.

Those pallid cheeks no more we view
 Outvie the morn's vermilion hue ;
 No more our eager thoughts presage
 The beauties of her ripen'd age ;

No more the soft sensations rise
 Within the fondling Mother's breast,
 When in her looks, her air, her eyes,
 She saw her youthful form confest ;
 No more she hangs upon her smiles,
 Her lisping lips, her mimic wiles,
 Nor marks the blooming graces, as they grow,
 With sweet conceal'd delight, till tears of transport flow.

Adieu ! thou short-liv'd charm adieu !
 Just shown, and ravish'd from our view !
 In pity, Heaven, thy mortal race
 Contracted to a narrow space ;
 Snatch'd from the world's delusive stage,
 Where grief still waits on ripening age,
 Nor care nor sorrow's rankling dart
 Had ever reach'd thy harmless heart !
 In circling joys and sportive play
 Thy pleasing moments pass'd away.
 Now in those amaranthine bow'rs
 To infant innocence assign'd,
 You smile, and cull unfading flow'rs,
 Nor know what ills you left behind ;
 While we remain, condemn'd to groan below,
 And feel the thousand pangs of variegated woe !

RESIGNATION.

YE wild tumultuous passions cease
To toss my troubled breast !
O some kind Angel whisper peace,
And smile my soul to rest !

Will no kind pitying Angel come
With healing balm from high ?
Hope, where is now thy purple bloom,
And where thy laughing eye ?

Thy charming magic bids around
Another Eden rise ;
We wander o'er Elysian ground.
And gaze on golden skies.

Behind see Disappointment tread
 With quick, but silent pace!
 At his approach the visions fade,
 And leave a desert space.

No more the Pleasures sporting round
 Fan with soft wings the air,
 But o'er us flit with yelling sound
 The Harpy birds of Care.

"Return, ye vanish'd joys, again,
 "Now dearer than before!"
 We pray, we wish, we weep in vain,
 The joys return no more.

Now Pleasure's gay resorts I shun
 To seek the yew-tree's shade,
 And oft beneath the pale-ey'd moon
 Hold converse with the Dead.

Where Melancholy sits to sigh,
 And count her sorrows o'er—
 To listen to the screech owl's cry—
 The rough gale's solemn roar.

And, lo! the fairest flow'rs of spring
 She in her bosom bears,
 Upon her Lover's grave to fling,
 And dews it with her tears.

O'er the cold sod with many a moan
 She wails her hopeless doom,
 And seems to hear a hollow groan
 Sad-sounding from the tomb.

"Is that my lost Love's voice?" she sighs,
 And drops again her head:
 "It is my lost Love's voice," she cries,
 "That calls me to the Dead."

Thus oft in pensive musing mood
 I solitary roam,
 On former woes too fondly brood,
 Nor hope for joys to come.

For once I woo'd a lovely Maid,
 The gentlest of her kind;
 O'er her fair frame the Graces play'd,
 And Virtue form'd her mind.

She seem'd to listen to my vow,
 And bid me not despair;
 The buds of Hope began to blow,
 And Pleasure smil'd at Care.

But ah! to fell disease a prey,
 She sunk in beauty's bloom,
 And Hope's fair blossoms dropp'd away,
 And died upon her tomb;

Long lost! yet still th' ideas rise
 Of what was then most dear,
 And heave my throbbing breast with sighs,
 And start a sudden tear.

I had a Friend, by Heaven inclin'd
 To act its darling part,
 The gen'rous soul, the candid mind,
 The sympathizing heart.

With pity would his bosom move
 To see my sorrows flow,
 And oft with words and looks of love
 He softly sooth'd my woe.

But, ah ! that soothing voice is gone ;
 The feeling Friend's no more !
 I sigh, like some poor wretch alone,
 Left on a desert shore,

Who round for comfort turns his eyes,
 But turns his eyes in vain,
 Here a wide waste of horror lies,
 And there the boundless main.

In him my hopes had bloom'd anew ;
 But since that fatal hour,
 No melting eyes with Pity's dew
 Revive the fading flow'r.

Remembrance still embitters thought,
 And thought increases woe ;
 O Peace ! so long, so vainly sought !
 Where shall I find thee now ?

Come, Resignation, from the sky,
 With cheerful Faith descend !
 'Tis her's to raise the downcast eye,
 And thou art sorrow's friend.

Set me from tyrant passions free,
And o'er my bosom reign;
O come! and Peace will come with thee,
For she is of thy train.

EPISTLE TO A YOUNG LADY.

WHILE Arabella, proud of beauty's pow'r,
 To fix a pin deliberates an hour ;
 Then spends another in a grave debate,
 To place a patch on this side or on that ;
 Consults her faithful glass with anxious care,
 And bends, adoring the dear Idol there ;
 Each feature forms, each pleasing air inspires,
 And kindles in her eyes diviner fires ;
 Then hastes those charms in public to display,
 The gayest in the circle of the gay :
 Far nobler cares my Sylvia's hours employ,
 Reason's calm thought, and Virtue's sacred joy.

See ! of thy sex light Folly leads along
 A giddy, trifling, flaunting, flutt'ring throng,
 Gay pupils of her school, and early taught
 The precious art to murder time and thought ;

From Reason's voice who turn averse their ear,
Because he's neither Fop, nor Flatterer.

Camelion-minds ! no colour of their own,
They take their tincture from the mode alone.
O Fashion ! Proteus of a thousand shapes !
Thou dextrous mimic of ten thousand apes !
Great Deity of Fools ! to thee submit
The pow'r of Reason, and the pride of Wit !
Taste, Honour, Beauty, are what you decree,
And bashful Virtue yields her blush to thee.
When at her toilet's task Belinda bends,
Thy influence hov'ring o'er her head attends,
Presides, inspires, and forms with hand unseen
The dress without it, and the brain within,
Varies her knots, and her opinions too,
Discards the old, and gives each day a new.

When Eve, first gazing on her wat'ry glass,
Beheld her beauteous form's reflected grace,
Hung with fond pleasure o'er the mimic there,
And by that pleasure found that she was fair,
Strait were her locks in artful order plac'd,
With roses deck'd, with amaranths inlac'd,
Her tresses taught to fall with graceful ease,
Flow down the milky neck, or float upon the breeze,

Thus pride of Beauty seized the Female thought,
 And soon for foreign aid Invention sought ;
 As Nature's handmaid Art at first was hir'd,
 But to be Mistress soon the Ma^m aspir'd :
 Of sweet simplicity she scorn'd the praise,
 And tortur'd ev'ry mode ten thousand ways.
 External beauties then engross their care,
 Each borrow'd elegancce, each studied air,
 Neglected still those beauties more refin'd,
 The charms of Virtue, and the grace of mind.

Too rash each seeming dissonance we blame,
 By Nature mix'd in either Sex's frame :
 As from the elemental conflict springs
 The sweet harmonious unison of things,
 So from the whole, these various parts compose
 All social bliss—all social order flows.
 E'n contrarieties make Music here,
 As well-mix'd discords please a master-ear.

Yes, Heav'n adorn'd the Sex divinely fair,
 And bless'd the work, and stamp'd his image there ;
 But Woman's wisdom thought the dress *too plain*,
 Bid Vanity new-model it again,
 Torture their shape, distort their Maker's face,
 Paint, out of colour ; polish, out of grace.

Or daub the native features of the Mind,
And spoil the Moral form, that Heav'n design'd.

One common fate attends the Great and Fair—
Expos'd to Flattery's too pleasing snare,
While in their ear she trills her soothing strain,
Truth, that plain counsellor, may preach in vain,
She taints the tender mind, untutor'd yet,
And forms alike the Tyrant, and Coquette;
Like conquerors they range with killing eyes,
And value more the triumph than the prize.
Yet tho' Lisette in quest of glory strays
To visits, auctions, balls, assemblies, plays,
In vain abroad for fame the Fair would roam,
For still the Female Hero's found at home;
Unlike those flowers, which op'ning to the sun,
Spread their proud glories to the glare of noon,
Her modest beauties shun the day's full blaze,
And blushing shrink from admiration's gaze.

First, Education warps the rising Mind,
Their knowledge all to dress and cards confin'd;
To *think's* a tedious science, seldom taught,
But Fashion fills the vacant cells of thought,
And furnishes her toyshop of the brain
With all that's frivolous, with all that's vain.

Mere children, still in novelty they joy,
 In each new Lover, as in each new toy;
 Their varied life is all an infant's play,
 They prattle, laugh, and trifle it away;
 A very trifle 'tis, in truth, at best,
 By turns, a serious trifle, or a jest.

But see, my Muse! to thy delighted view
 In fair distinction shine a glorious Few,
 Who in the mind's and body's graces show
 Whate'er of Eden yet remains below;
 True Female dignity, exempt from pride,
 And all the Virtues with the Loves allied;
 Of manners polish'd, and of heart sincere;
 Nor wildly gay, nor prudishly severe;
 Who, frank with modesty, reserv'd with ease,
 Win without art, and undesigning please,
 Averse to spread the scandals of the town,
 Or blast another's fame to raise their own;
 And tho' their eyes for no light cause o'erflow,
 Yet ne'er asham'd to give a tear to woe.
 Whose lips inspir'd with native eloquence
 Add grace to science, energy to sense;
 Whose sweet good-humour brightens ev'ry gloom,
 And Charity still breathes to Heaven perfume.

These, when the rays of Beauty blaze no more,
 Will rule us still by Virtue's gentler pow'r,
 With sweet attraction still our hearts engage,
 And flourish ever amiable in age.

While glares the Sun at his meridian height,
 Dazzled we turn away our wearied sight;
 More pleas'd his milder ev'ning we behold
 Array'd in purple clouds, and thron'd in skies of gold.

Ye glitt'ring insect tribes! Ye vain, and gay!
 That in the summer beam of Folly play;
 When all the transient flow'rs of beauty die,
 When faint the glories of the star-bright eye,
 When flies with youth the soul-enchancing pow'r,
 That bade the coxcomb gaze, the beaux adore,
 That gave to frowning, grace; to nonsense, ease;
 And made caprice, and flights, and folly please;
 Say, what of all your bliss remains to cheer
 The wint'ry gloom of life's declining year;
 Supply its vanish'd pleasures, charm its woes,
 And lull the throbbing bosom to repose?
 What, but your former triumphs to review,
 Dream o'er old pleasures, and despair of new,
 Throw envy's shade o'er ev'ry rising ray,
 That gilds the ball, and shames your setting day;

And, while your mirrors speak the faded grace,
 Fret o'er the ruins of your former face;
 Your joy, poor remnant of the brilliant past!
 Reduc'd to scandal and to cards at last.

But thou, my Friend! still live by Reason's rules,
 And scorn alike the praise and blame of Fools;
 To deck the mind be thy peculiar care;
 Invite and cherish ev'ry Virtue there;
 There let Religion fix her sacred shrine,
 And o'er thy bosom beam a ray divine:
 She'll give thee more than Splendor can bestow
 On her gay slaves, and pretty fools below;
 The vivid flame, that warms the generous breast,
 And heaven-born Charity, in blessing blest;
 Refin'd desires, and dignity of soul;
 Courage, no mortal terrors can control;
 Peace, 'mid the tempest howling round serene,
 Firm as a rock above the raging main;
 And conscious Joy, that scans with pleasing care
 His own unruffled breast, and finds Elysium there.
 While thoughtless triflers ridicule thy taste,
 While the belles wonder, and the wittlings jest,
 Still shall thy soul in real beauty rise,
 In real bliss, and brighten for the skies.

TO A YOUNG LADY,

WITH

MILTON'S PARADISE LOST.

In these enchanting lines, (which Raphael taught,
And to the Bard in nightly vision brought,)
Young Nature's rising charms in bloom we view,
How Beauty triumph'd, when the World was new :
In Eden all her varying graces meet,
Irregularly fair, and wildly sweet ;
Ere yet the serpent fram'd his wily snare,
Or woman listen'd to a flatterer.
Ah! then a poison blasted all its pride,
Its verdure wither'd, and its graces died ;
Then Nature's throbbing bosom heav'd with sighs ;
A gloom of sorrow darken'd all the skies ;
Then tears first stain'd the Guardian Angel's eye,
And paus'd on Gabriel's lyre the heavenly harmony.

Such is the Spring of Life's revolving year :
 A cloudless azure robes the radiant sphere ;
 In golden light, to Fancy's raptur'd eyes,
 Bright images of bliss and beauty rise ;
 Ethereal fragrance breathes o'er all the ground,
 And Hope expands her blossoms blushing round ;
 With Love and Folly laugh the young-ey'd Hours,
 And Pleasure lulls us in her flow'ry bowers.
 Then, like some gentle Raphael from the sky,
 Mild Reason points the secret danger nigh ;
 But, ah ! that Guardian Angel warns in vain ;
 We hear the tedious lesson with disdain ;
 Inflam'd by passion, or besool'd by pride,
 Some cunning Tempter leads our steps aside ;
 Some Vice, with outside glorious to behold,
 With beauty's face, and crest of burnish'd gold :
 To groves she guides, where airs ambrosial blow ;
 Where streams of nectar wind in gentle flow,
 And fruits Hesperian glitter on the bough. }
 The shining bait we view with curious eye,
 And longing haste forbidden bliss to try ;
 Our wish unsated leaps o'er ev'ry bound ;
 'Tis all delight—'tis all Elysium round ;
 But sudden black descending storms invade,
 Shake down the fruit, and scatter all the shade ;

Or, while we strive our pleasures to renew,
 The blissful gardens vanish from the view ;
 Where shone the object of our fierce desires,
 Avenging Angels glare, and waving fires ;
 And, woful wand'ring o'er the howling waste,
 We fear the future, and lament the past.

Ye thoughtless Fair ones ! guard your ears and eyes ;
 Let Eve's sad error make her daughters wise.
 Vice has a thousand forms, a thousand arts
 To charm your sight, and fascinate your hearts ;
 Pleasure's gay smile, and Fancy's Syren song,
 And Pride's embroider'd robe, and Flatt'ry's tongue.
 When Adulation's warbling voice ye hear,
 O fly ! and think the Serpent is too near.

That fatal fruit ! how much our Race it cost !
 Love, peace, and joy, with innocence were lost ;
 Then heaven-born Piety, dishonour'd here,
 Spread her white wing, and sought her native sphere.
 Yet from her skies the Seraph oft descends
 Propitious to a few, but chosen Friends,
 And tho' she haunts no more her Eden's bow'rs,
 Fall'n all its honours, faded all its flow'rs,
 To that soft breast still loves she to repair,
 And finds another, nobler, Eden there.

SONNETS.

TO A YOUNG LADY.

FAIR Maid ! whose radiant eyes, and manners mild,
 Here gild the glooms, and make the woods rejoice,
 In you, Religion haunts the lonely wild,
 And in the desert lifts again her voice. •

In you her awe-commanding charms array'd
 With softer airs, and winning grace we view;
 Her heavenly road more cheerfully we tread,
 Our fair Angelic guide, and Genius, You.

Thus, call'd from servitude the Chosen Seed,
 O'er barren hills, and rocks, and desert ground,
 With many a tedious weary wand'ring led,
 In the wide waste a flaming Angel found,
 Who still before their legions took his stand,
 To point their footsteps to the promis'd land.

THE COQUETTE.

WHILE in Zelinda's form and angel air
The charms of blooming Eden rise to view,
Know, thoughtless Youth! that Paradise so fair
Conceals a sly deceiving serpent too.

What tho' her eyes, too small to hurt a heart,
Too artless seem, too innocent to kill,
They wound like Cupid's small, yet deadly dart,
Soft as the plume, but piercing as the steel.

Tho' virgin coyness blushes o'er her face,
Tho' seeming Nature flows in every grace,
And her mild looks ethereal sunshine show,
She's like the surface of a shallow sea,
Where heaven's reflected beams serenely play,
Yet lie the rocks and lurking Fate below.

FIRST BEAUTY.

LIGHT as the breeze, and frolic as the May,
 My careless Muse her idle ditties sung;
 To mortal beauty trill'd her airy lay,
 Round Folly's shrine her flow'ry garland hung;

'Till Grace, kind Cherub, lighting from the sphere,
 To the First Beauty rais'd my fervid mind,
 • Stamp'd the bright image of his glory there,
 Parent of hallow'd fires, and joys refin'd.

Still, Sov'reign Fair! th' idea deep imprest,
 Cheers my lone musings, elevates my breast,
 Rules o'er my numbers, and my raptures warms;
 There let the sacred passion ever glow,
 Sweet as thy living streams of pleasure flow,
 Bright as thy beams, immortal as thy charms !

FAITH.

LIFE's ceaseless labours, and illusive joys,
It's storms and waves, what brazen breast could bear,
Did not the Cherub Faith's reviving voice
Sound its sweet music in Affliction's ear?

See she waves high upon her heavenly shore
Her flaming brand, that guides me to be blest!
Ye foaming billows roll—ye tempests roar!
Your rage but drives me sooner to my rest.

The Seaman thus, long tost by stormy seas,
Worn out with toil, and sinking with disease,
With looks of rapture eyes the black'ning land,
Forgets the past, and smiles at present pain,
Feels a new vigour thrill through ev'ry vein,
And leaps exulting on the welcome strand.

FANCY.

O FANCY! Goddess of the magic wand?

Which as thou wav'st, a thousand beauties rise :
Where'er we tread, 'tis all a fairy land,
Gay vales, and verdant groves, and golden skies.

While pleas'd we see the fair illusions play,
Like some light visions fades the fleeting scene :
The smiling joys dissolve in tears away,
Like glitt'ring vapours melting down to rain.

Ah Friend! how vain the chase of bliss below !
Our pleasures are too near allied to woe,
In search fatigue us—in possession cloy.
Curb then the roving wish, the fond desire,
Which prey upon the soul like secret fire ;
Content thy wealth—and virtue be thy joy.

H O P E.

Alas Hope ! thou lovely, smiling, faithless Fair !
By doating Fancy cloth'd in vivid dyes,
In all the radiance of Elysian skies ;
Parent of vain desire, and vainer care !

See at thy shrine enamour'd crouds adore !
With lurking art you flatter and deceive ;
While they, tho' still deluded, still believe ;
Too well I know thee now, to trust thee more.

My Friend engage not in her fairy race :
Scorn not the blessings in thy pow'r, to chase
Her airy forms of bliss, that faster fly.
Bound thy wild wishes, if thou would'st be blest :
Improve the present, leave to Heav'n the rest.
The Fool for ever hopes—the Wise enjoy.

A WISH.

ANGELS ! that roll the circling orbs on high,
 And guide the years and seasons down the sky,
 O hear my fond request, propitious pow'rs !
 For Rosalind select your softest hours ;

From such, as shed delight on Friendship's breast ;
 From such, as make the virtuous Lover blest ;
 From such, as o'er Elysian regions roll,
 And fill with holy joys the Seraph's soul.

May fair prosperity's unclouded ray	}
For ever shine—and fanning Zephyrs play	
To make her life one smiling vernal day.	}
In griefs of others only let her grieve,	
And then, to heal that pain, indulgent give	
The bliss which most she values—to relieve.	

TO A FRIEND.

Too fond the world's applause to gain,
Say, will the purchase quit the cost ?
What you with endless toil obtain,
May in a moment all be lost.

Fame oft is like a vernal flower,
Which sheds awhile a sweet perfume,
But time may shake it from its bower,
Or Envy blast the blushing bloom.

But, Friend ! the glory that proceeds
From noble aims, from generous deeds,
Will ever flourish fresh and fair
In the bright gardens of the sky ;
Old Time can never enter there,
And envy cannot soar so high.

GOLD.

ALMIGHTY Gold! whose magic charms dispense
 Worth to the worthless, to the graceless grace,
 To cowards valour, and to blockheads sense,
 And to the wither'd Maid a Hebe's face.

Poor Love exil'd, thou sit'st on Hymen's throne ;
 Thou rul'st the court, the senate, and the bar ;
 And though the church thy Deity disown,
 Some whisper thou hast priest and altar there.

All human charities, all laws divine
 Deluded mortals offer at thy shrine ;
 O thou supreme, like Fate, to kill, or save !
 To thy vast empire what is wanting more ?
 " Nought," sighs Avaro, " had it but the pow'r
 " To silence conscience, and to bribe the grave."

TO THE NIGHTINGALE.

MELODIOUS Philomela ! pleas'd I hear

In the lone woods thy love-resounding lay,
Where the world's din, like thunder from afar,
Just mutters in the wind, and dies away.

Known to a few lov'd Friends these shades among,
Close treasur'd from the noisy crowd, like thee,
I'd chant the rural, or the moral song,
In native wood-notes warbling wild and free.

Heaven never form'd me for the world's affairs,
Too much a foe to all its strifes and cares,
Content with little in obscure repose.
To Life's high storm-vert top let others rise ;
Low in the vale my lot more safely lies,
Nor heeds which way the raging tempest blows.

P E A C E.

O P E A C E, of smiling lip, and look serene !
Whose gentle voice the breast of trouble charms,
With all my soul I court thee—but in vain—
While envious Care still frowns thee from my arms.

Ah ! I had hope thy lovely form to view,
Where on yon arbour breathes the blooming rose ;
But still the buzzing swarms of Care pursue,
Nor suffer me to taste thy wish'd repose.

Thus the tir'd Seaman on the swelling seas
In distant prospect hails the rising land :
Now opens on his eye the port of peace :
His fond ideas tread the blissful strand ;
But still the howling storm and raging main
To sea drive back his shatter'd bark again.

AN IMITATION

OF

PETRARCH'S SONNET, 314.

Io vo piangendo i mei passati tempi, &c.

PENSIVE I now the trifled years deplore,
 When mortal charms engross'd my vain desires,
 Still grov'ling on the ground, tho' born to soar,
 And with strong pinion reach the starry fires.

O Heaven's Eternal King ! propitious still
 My griefs regard with pity's tender eye ;
 Succour a feeble mind, a wand'ring will,
 And what my virtue wants, let grace supply !

Grant that with storms and billows long distress,
 In port at length my weary soul may rest :

**Tho' vain my life, O sanctify its end !
For what remains my guide and guardian be,
Living I'd live, and dying die to Thee—
Thee, my sole refuge—Thee, my last best Friend !**

THE HUNDRED AND
THIRTY-SECOND PSALM TRANSLATED.

WHILE by the streams that winding flow
Where Babel's haughty towers arise,
We silent sate in solemn woe,
For thee, O Zion ! heav'd our sighs,
For thee stole down the frequent tear,
To memory for ever dear !

While waving on the willow-bough
Our unregarded harps were hung,
“ Hence sorrow ! ” cried th' insulting foe,
“ And chant the cheerful festal song ;
“ Such songs as, in her happier days,
“ On Zion's hill resounded praise.”

Doom'd to the yoke and galling chain,
 Our ancient fame and freedom lost,
 Ah ! can we chant a cheerful strain,
 While fallen Zion droops in dust ?
 Or to unhallowed ears proclaim
 Our God, Jehovah's awful name ?

Lov'd Zion ! should a foreign land
 E'er blot thine image from my heart,
 Mute be my tongue, unnerv'd my hand,
 And quite forgot my tuneful art !
 For thee my lays shall ever flow
 In melting sounds that waken woe !

Thy vengeance, Lord ! let Edom feel !
 Who pitiless beheld her fall,
 Edg'd with new rage the hostile steel,
 And triumph'd o'er her broken wall.
 " Spread, spread," he cried, " her ruins round,
 " And rase her glory to the ground."

Proud Babel ! tremble at thy doom !
 I see, I see thy dreadful day !
 Soon shall the fierce avenger come,
 Who shall our mighty wrongs repay;
 And, harden'd to the mother's moans,
 Dash her dear infant on the stones.

HYMNS.

DIVINE LOVE.

My God, thy boundless love I praise;
How bright on high its glories blaze!
How sweetly bloom below!
It streams from thine eternal throne;
Thro' heaven its joys for ever run,
And o'er the earth they flow.

'Tis love that paints the purple morn,
And bids the clouds in air upborn
Their genial drops distil;
In ev'ry vernal beam it glows,
And breathes in ev'ry gale that blows,
And glides in ev'ry rill.

It robes in cheerful green the ground,
 And pours its flow'ry beauties round,
 Whose sweets perfume the gale ;
 Its bounties richly spread the plain,
 The blushing fruit, the golden grain,
 And smile on ev'ry vale.

But in thy gospel see it shine
 With grace and glories more divine,
 Proclaiming sins forgiven ;
 There Faith, bright cherub, points the way
 To realms of everlasting day,
 And opens all her heaven.

Then let the love that makes me blest,
 With cheerful praise inspire my breast,
 And ardent gratitude ;
 And all my thoughts and passions tend
 To thee, my father and my friend,
 My soul's eternal good.

Dart from thine own celestial flame
 One vivid beam to warm my frame

With kindred energy;
Mark thine own image on my mind;
And teach me to be good and kind,
And love and bless like thee.

WISDOM AND VIRTUE

SOUGHT FROM GOD.

SUPREME and universal light !
Fountain of Reason ! Judge of right !
Parent of good ! whose blessings flow
On all above and all below ;

Without whose kind, directing ray,
In everlasting night we stray,
From passion still to passion tost,
And in a maze of error lost ;

Assist me, Lord, to act, to be,
What nature and thy laws decree !
Worthy that intellectual flame
Which from thy breathing spirit came.

My mortal freedom to maintain,
 Bid passion serve, and reason reign,
 Self-pois'd, and independent still
 On this world's varying good or ill.

No slave to profit, shame, or fear,
 O may my stedfast bosom bear
 The stamp of heaven, an honest heart,
 Above the mean disguise of art!

May my expanded soul disclaim
 The narrow view, the selfish aim;
 But with a christian zeal embrace
 Whate'er is friendly to my race.

O Father! grace and virtue grant;
 No more I wish, no more I want;
 To know, to serve thee, and to love,
 Is peace below, is bliss above.

THE UNRIVALLED BEAUTY AND
GLORY OF RELIGION.

Soft are the fruitful showers that bring
The welcome promise of the spring,
And soft the vernal gale ;
Sweet the wild warblings of the grove,
The voice of nature and of love,
That gladden ev'ry vale.

But softer in the mourner's ear
Sounds the mild voice of mercy near,
That whispers sins forgiven ;
And sweeter far the music swells,
When to the raptur'd soul she tells
Of Peace and promis'd heaven.

Fair are the flow'rs that deck the ground ;
 And groves and gardens blooming round
 Unnumber'd charms unfold ;
 Bright is the sun's meridian ray,
 And bright the beams of setting day,
 That robe the clouds in gold.

But far more fair the pious breast,
 In richer robes of goodness drest,
 Where heaven's own graces shine ;
 And brighter far the prospects rise
 That burst on Faith's delighted eyes
 From glories all divine.

All earthly charms, however dear,
 Howe'er they please the eye or ear,
 Will quickly fade and fly ;
 Of earthly glory faint the blaze,
 And soon the transitory rays
 In endless darkness die.

The nobler beauties of the just
 Shall never moulder in the dust,
 Or know a sad decay ;
 Their honours time and death defy,
 And round the throne of heaven on high
 Beam everlasting day.

THE DAY OF JUDGMENT

HEAR, O ye dead, awake, arise,
The sounding clarion shakes the skies ;
 The awful Judge is near !
Angelic guards attend him down,
And flaming round his fiery throne
 A thousand terrors glare.

Pale Guilt looks upward with amaze,
She trembles while the terrors blaze,
 And Conscience tells her doom ;
Struck with unutterable dread,
She hides again her frightened head,
 And shrinks within the tomb.

The proud and mighty mourning lie,
Or to the rocks and mountains fly,

To shun the burning ray ;
 Bold hearts, that never felt a fear,
 Now start at flaming vengeance near,
 And melt like wax away.

In vain they fly, they wail in vain,
 His thunders drive the wretched train
 Where seas of sulphur roll :
 In everlasting darkness there
 Dwell Sorrow, Pain, and mad Despair,
 And horrors rend the soul.

But ye his happy Saints rejoice,
 No terrors hath the Monarch's voice,
 His looks—no frowns for you ;
 He comes, your Spirits to convey
 To regions of eternal Day,
 To joys for ever new.

Blest of my Father, haste, He cries,
 In shining triumph mount the skies,
 To nobler worlds above ;
 There shall ye share my blissful sight,
 And taste the fulness of delight,
 In my eternal Love.

THE VANITY OF HUMAN LIFE.

Our Life is but an idle play,
And various as the wind,
We laugh and sport our hours away,
Nor think of woes behind.

See the fair cheek of beauty fades,
Frail glory of an hour,
And blooming youth with sickening head
Droops like the dying flower.

Our pleasures, like the morning sun,
Diffuse a flattering light,
But gloomy clouds obscure their noon,
And soon they sink in night.

Wealth, pomp, and honour, we behold
With an admiring eye,
Like summer insects, drest in gold,
That flutter, shine, and die.

One little moment can destroy
Our vast laborious schemes,
And all our heaps of solid joy
Are sweet deceitful dreams.

Then rise my Soul and soar away,
Above the thoughtless crowd,
Above the pleasures of the gay,
And splendors of the proud.

Up where eternal beauties bloom
And pleasures all divine,
Where wealth that never can consume,
And endless glories shine.

PRIVATE LIFE,

A MORAL RHAPSODY.*

BLEST groves ! blest mansion ! tho' your humble gate
 No Doric columns crowd with idle state,
 No bustos, statues, temples, arcs surprise,
 Nor gilded roofs fatigue the gazer's eyes ;
 Here Nature reigns, with modest grace array'd,
 By Art, her subject, serv'd and not betray'd :
 Here all the mild domestic Joys reside,
 And rural Elegance unspoil'd by Pride,

* This piece, printed at Plymouth in 1795, at the instigation of the author's nephew, has probably been seen by so few of the readers of this volume, that there can be no impropriety in annexing it to his original Poems. Its intrinsic merit, it is presumed, will be thought to entitle it to such a preservation. E.

Unsullied Honour, Peace with eye serene,
 Friendship's warm glow, and Candour's open mien;
 Benevolence stands smiling at the door,
 The friend to welcome, and to feed the poor.

Imperial piles and glitt'ring domes, that rise,
 And back reflect their glories to the skies,
 Vain Grandeur's tinsell'd train, the gorgeous glare
 Of crowns and thrones and banners wav'd in air,
 May give the dazzled eye a short delight,
 But tire at length the satiated sight,
 Which views with unabated pleasure still
 The flow'r-enamell'd mead and rambling rill,
 The sloping vale, which rocky mountains bound,
 And verdant hills with waving woods embrown'd,
 The straw-built cottage smoaking in the grove,
 And grazing herds that o'er the champain rove,
 Rich harvests glowing o'er the golden fields,
 And all the simple charms that Nature yields.

Hail grass-crown'd Genius of the sylvan scene,
 Shrin'd in thy homely bow'r of flow'ring green!
 Hail Sire of Sages, Heroes, Bards of old,
 Who in thy woods (while baser æras roll'd)
 Preserv'd the bright Saturnian age of gold!

Methinks I see in solemn order stand
 Dictators, Consuls, Kings, an awful band !
 Whose virtues, nurs'd beneath the lowly shed,
 By thee to mighty feats of fame were bred ;
 To speak, to dare in Freedom's sacred cause—
 To form the rising state—to dictate laws
 To wild ambition, and profuse of blood
 Pour in their country's right the gen'rous flood.
 Hence NUMA humaniz'd ferocious hearts,
 And sooth'd a savage brood to peaceful arts ;
 Hence honest CURIUS tamed a Tyrant's pride,
 And hence FABRICIUS lived and DECIUS died.
 What tho' no longer in thy rural school
 Statesmen and Heroes learn to fight or rule ;
 Still to thy solitary shades belong
 The Sage's wisdom and the Poet's song.

O blest the Man, whom meditation leads
 To these sequester'd groves and silent meads !
 Here while he bends at Wisdom's sylvan shrine,
 In solemn musings rapt, with drops divine
 From her ethereal well, she clears away
 The mists that cloud his intellectual ray,
 'Till Truth, fair-dawning with increasing light,
 Pours her full glories on the gladden'd sight.

Touch'd by her energy, his curious mind
 Wanders thro' fields of science unconfin'd;
 Now boldly soars among the stars to stray,
 While NEWTON's mighty genius points the way:
 Thro' Nature's dread immense he darts his eyes,
 And sees unnumber'd wonders round him rise;
 What well-proportion'd pow'rs the planets roll;
 How various parts compose one-beauteous whole;
 While in her centre thron'd, blest Harmony
 Tunes her immortal strings and charms them to agree.

The Sun himself, intolerably bright,
 Dims the weak eye with mere excess of light;
 While in his Sister's softer looks exprest
 His image we admire in gentler glories drest.
 Thus tho' no mortal eye the GOD survey,
 Veil'd in the blaze of his essential day,
 Diffus'd o'er nature's various form we find
 The fair reflection of her Maker's mind,
 And in his works the Parent Beauty trace,
 Majestic grandeur with enchanting grace.

While rapt he views the vast sublime design,
 On his own mind, he marks the plan divine;
 He fain would imitate the Sov'reign Fair
 And emulate th' eternal order there,

Bids reason take her sceptre and her sway,
 And bend each rebel passion to obey ;
 Bids all his pow'rs within their orbits roll,
 And form the harmonious music of the soul,
 Where sweetly blended meet in mode and time
 The just, the good, the graceful and sublime :
 Enthusiastic heaves his ardent breast,
 And shares and tastes the pleasures of the blest.

For not the Bard, who on the ecstatic lyre,
 While his warm fancy flames ethereal fire,
 Warbles the soft or sounds the lofty lay,
 And lifts or swells or melts the soul away ;
 Not the gay tints, that arch the show'ry bow,
 Blaze in the gem—or in the flow'ret glow,
 Or tinge Aurora's dewy cheek with red,
 Or dye the blushes of the bridal Maid,
 Or nobly rang'd by RAPHAEL's hand divine
 Give form and spirit to some bold design,
 Bid each impassion'd figure breathe and move,
 Or frown in rage or languish into love ;
 Not mother Nature, nor her daughter Art,
 Such joys to fancy, or to sense impart,
 As to the Soul's quick eye and ear refin'd
 The nobler grace and music of the mind.

Thus half-inspir'd his warm ideas rise,
 Soar o'er the azure vault and gain the skies ;
 Faith opens to his view her realms on high,
 And Heaven's own splendors burst upon his eye ;
 Thence like a Seraph, seated on his sphere,
 He marks the course of human motions here,
 Treats with a just disdain the toys of state,
 And looks with pity on the proud and great ;
 He feels, like Ammon's son, his mighty mind
 Within this globe's too narrow verge confin'd,
 For other worlds with nobler ardour sighs,
 For realms and thrones eternal in the skies.

Such is the path that Saints and Sages trod,
 The path to reason and the path to God.
 O give me thus the rural scenes to rove,
 And visit Nature in her native grove !
 May thus in easy flow my minutes glide ;
 No stormy passion toss the tranquil tide ;
 No vain ambition swell my lowly breast,
 Content with Virtue humbly to be blest.
 Her blossoms wither or to wildness run,
 Too near the blaze of Fortune's scorching Sun ;
 Too far remov'd they languish, pine, and die
 Beneath the rigour of too cold a sky ;

But in her middle zone and temp'rate air,
They breathe and bloom, more fragrant and more fair.

When the Sun, sunk beneath his wat'ry bed,
Yet gilds with dying gleams the mountain head,
And yet the clouds retain a crimson glow,
That faintly blushes on the lake below,
While sober Cynthia lifts her solemn beam,
With lustre quiv'ring on the sparkling stream,
And with a radiant band of silver light
Inwreathes the jetty tresses of the Night;
Then Contemplation, sweet ecstatic Maid!
I seek thy mild, thy care-composing aid,
Amid the moss-clad walls and roofless aisle
Of yon lone Abbey's venerable pile,
Whose tow'rs, by Time's relentless hand o'erthrown,
Lie low with ivy and with thorn o'ergrown.
There Superstition, Ignorance's child,
Once dream'd her dreams and saw her visions wild,
Her aves mutter'd and her beads retold,
And bow'd to silver Saints and shrines of gold,
With holy dread the darksome cloisters trod,
And offer'd living victims to her God:
There by the glimm'ring lamp, the pale-eyed Maid
Sobb'd as she sung, and trembled as she pray'd;

Severe religion, passion unrepres't,
 Like meeting currents struggling in her breast :
 In youth's enliv'ning warmth, in beauty's bloom,
 Betray'd to ceaseless solitude and gloom,
 She bade the World adieu—ah, vows how vain !
 While stubborn Nature still maintain'd her reign.
 Still fond affection heav'd the hopeless sigh,
 And tears too tender glisten'd in her eye.
 No more are heard the vocal walls along,
 The deep-ton'd organ or the matin song,
 Nor midnight bell, whose slow and solemn toll
 Sent a chill horror thro' the shudd'ring soul ;
 All silent now—save when thro' ruins hoar,
 And hollow-sounding cells, the rude winds roar ;
 Save the lone owl, that hoots her dirges shrill,
 And the hoarse music of the murm'ring rill.

There moping Melancholy loves to come,
 And sadly pore upon the time-worn tomb ;
 Brooding on grief, she sits in trance profound.
 Nor Superstition yet has left the ground ;
 Strange shapes, 'tis said, the village-maid affright,
 And doleful sounds are heard at dead of night ;
 Pale Ghosts amid the nodding piles are seen,
 Flit o'er the walls and gleam athwart the green ;

There hags, 'tis thought, their works of horror ply,
And the Swain trembles, as he hastens by.

Among the mould'ring aisles I musing go,
Wand'ring with solitary steps and slow ;
Far from the senseless clamours of the crowd,
Far from th' insulting splendor of the proud ;
No smile of friendship feign'd, no gilded care,
No lip of scorn, no laugh of folly there :
The solemn scenes around, and silent hour,
Calm the wild passions with mysterious pow'r,
Mild awe diffusing, and the heart impress
With a soft, sad, but pleasing pensiveness ;
Sublimely painting to the mental eye
The wreck of time and man's mortality.
At once the world's delusive spell is o'er,
Her glitt'ring vanities can charm no more :
Far nobler themes invite, enlarg'd, refin'd,
That suit th' immortal dignity of mind,
Powerful the stubborn passions to control,
And give new strength and energy to Soul.
Above all sublunary scenes I rise,
With ardent hope high-soaring to skies ;
With Conscience now, my guardian Genius, talk,
And meet my God along the lonely walk ;

To the first Beauty bid my thoughts aspire,
And from his glories catch a kindred fire.

O come, mild Wisdom come, celestial guest !
And shed thy sacred beam upon my breast ;
Bid there each pure, each kind affection roll,
And with the joys of reason feast my soul !
Come, to this lowly grassy couch repair !
Let Zephyr's gentle breath invite thee there ;
No pompous trifles here profane the shade,
No spouting fountain and no forc'd cascade :
Here rove the rills at will their woods between,
Dash down the vale and glitter o'er the green ;
The vine and winding woodbine arching o'er
From sult'ry rays defend the cooling bow'r,
Here bring the tuneful Muse's raptur'd choir ;
Each Muse for thee shall touch the charming lyre :
Bring Truth and Sciences instructive band ;
The Grecian Graces dancing hand in hand ;
Content, with plain attire and cheerful air ;
Friendship, exalting Joy and soothing Care ;
With Piety, that waits on wings to rise,
Her looks for ever lifted to the skies,
O come, with all thy mental, moral train,
And in this peaceful, rural kingdom reign !

Heaven mean immortals for sublimer things
 Than wealth's gay glitter and the pomp of Kings ;
 For pleasures, grace, and dignity, denied
 To the vain sons of Folly and of Pride :
 Yet frantic Man, rebellious to his will,
 His gifts abusing, turns his good to ill :
 Some dear ideal bliss is still pursued ;
 But still his Juno proves a painted cloud :
 Reason, his better Genius, warns in vain ;
 Passion persuades, and he believes again ;
 Ardent he runs to seize the fairy prize,
 'Till fainting in the fruitless race he dies.

Smile ye not, Angels ? when in scorn ye scan
 The various follies of your mimic Man ;
 His boasted reason, dupe to ev'ry lust ;
 His high ambition grov'ling in the dust ;
 A fool with knowledge and with foresight blind,
 Perplex'd between his matter and his mind,
 Where great and mean, where mortal and divine,
 Heaven, earth, brute, Angel, in confusion join ;
 Like jarring atoms in one Chaos hurl'd,
 Which well arranged would form a beauteous World.
 Ye smile to see the puny godhead rave ;
 Great lord of earth, his meanest passion's slave !

Drunk at the banquet, glorious on the throne,
 And now an Ammon's, now a Philip's son :
 Nor ye, *the Great*, like erring mortals, name
 Ambition's madmen or the fools of fame ;
 Nor those court-pageants, starr'd and titled things,
 The gilded tools of Ministers and Kings ;
 Nor those, the wolves and harpies of their race,
 Who rise by wicked arts to pow'r and place :
 But mark, where poor, unnotic'd, or unknown,
 Neglected Virtue smiles at Fortune's frown ;
 Or blest by Fortune in a private state,
 By worth ennobled and by goodness great ;
 Bright on whose gen'rous breast those splendors glow
 Of sacred honour, Kings could ne'er bestow ;
 The FRIEND OF MAN ! who can in life confess
 No joy worth living, but the joy to bless.

THE END.

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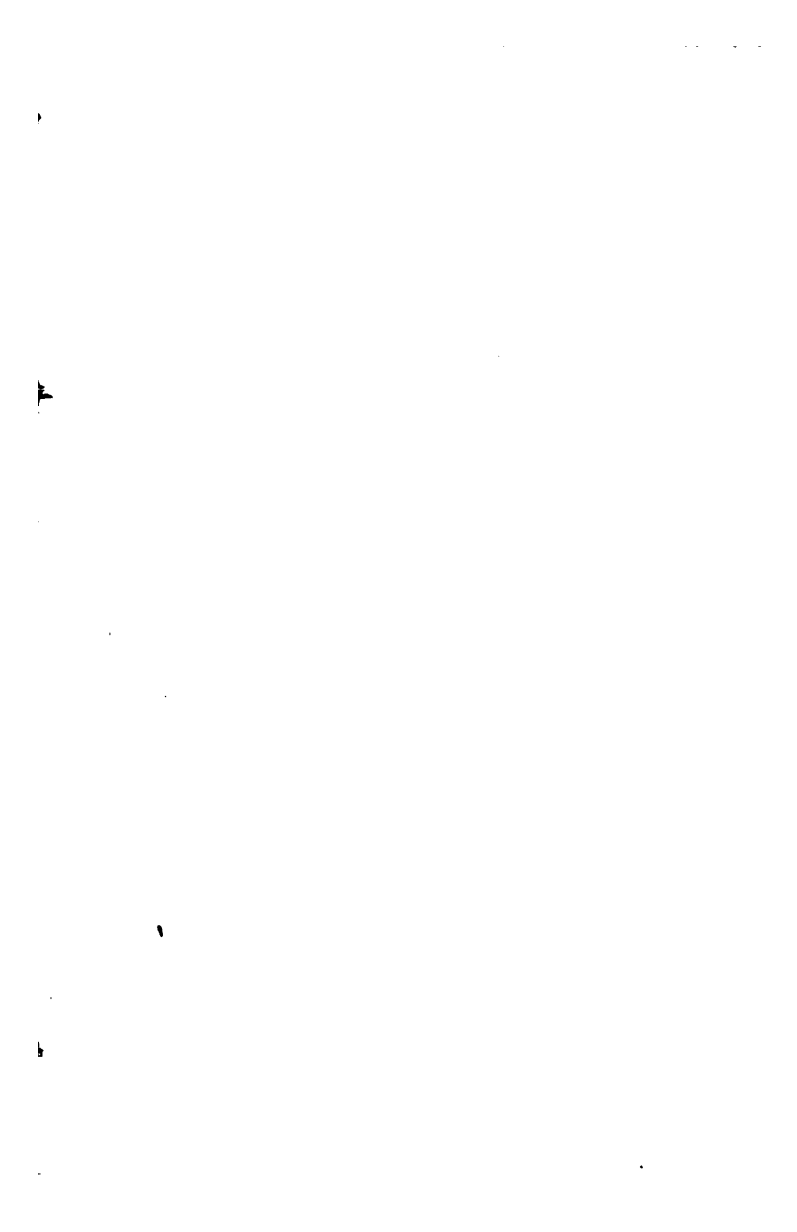
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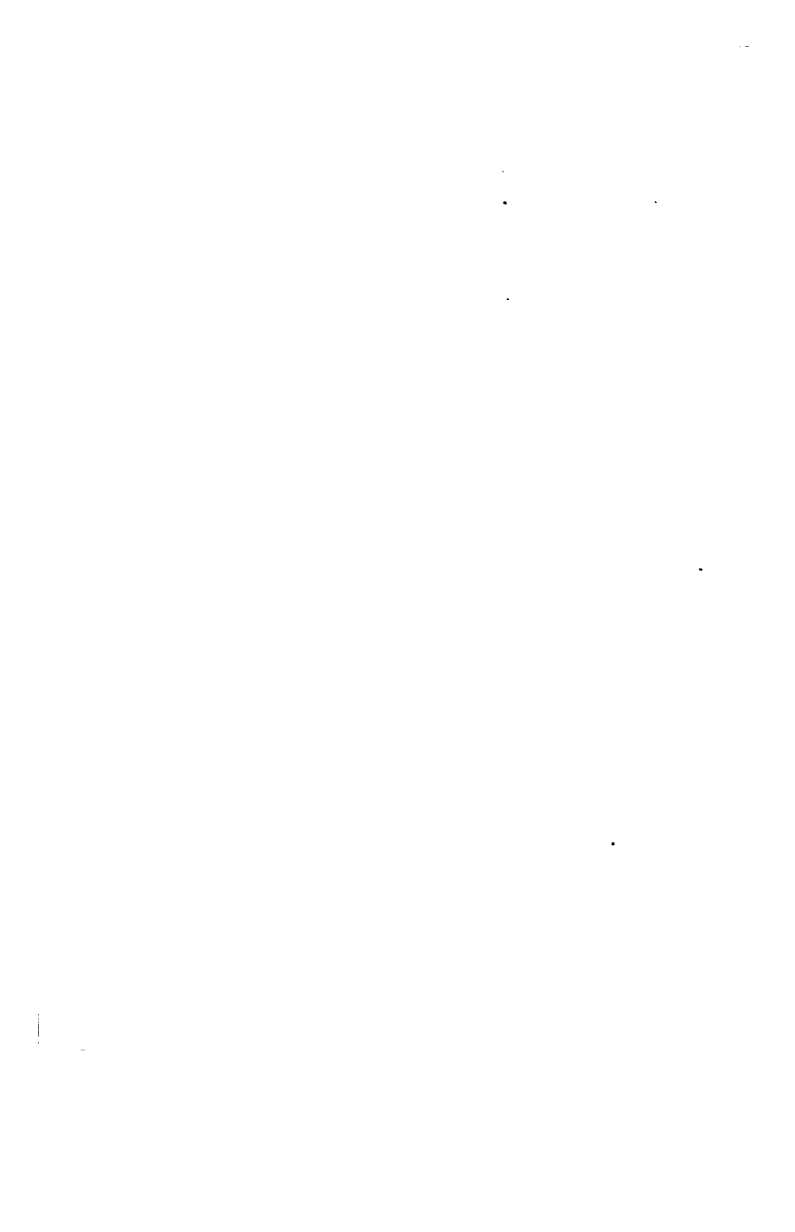
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